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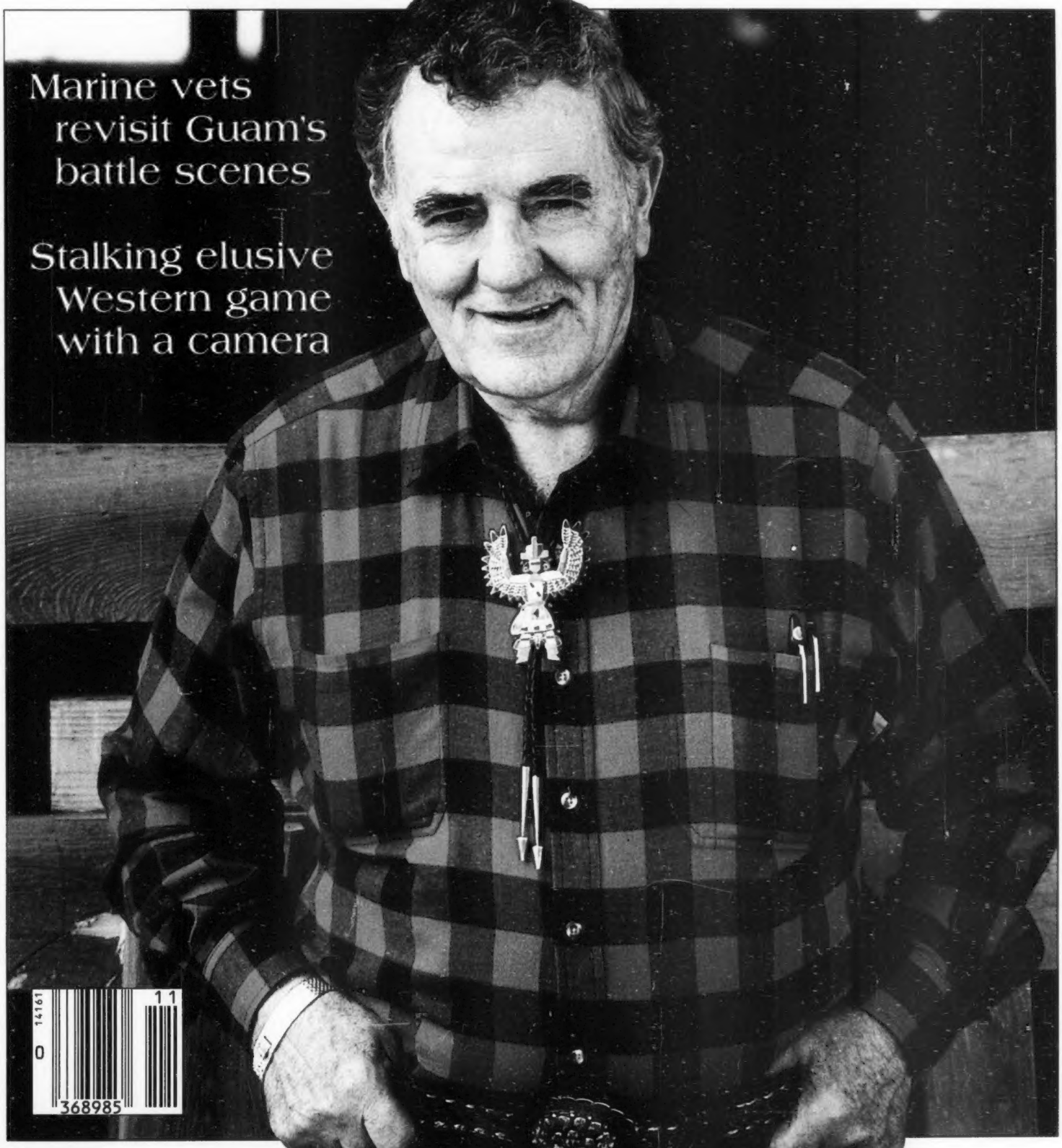

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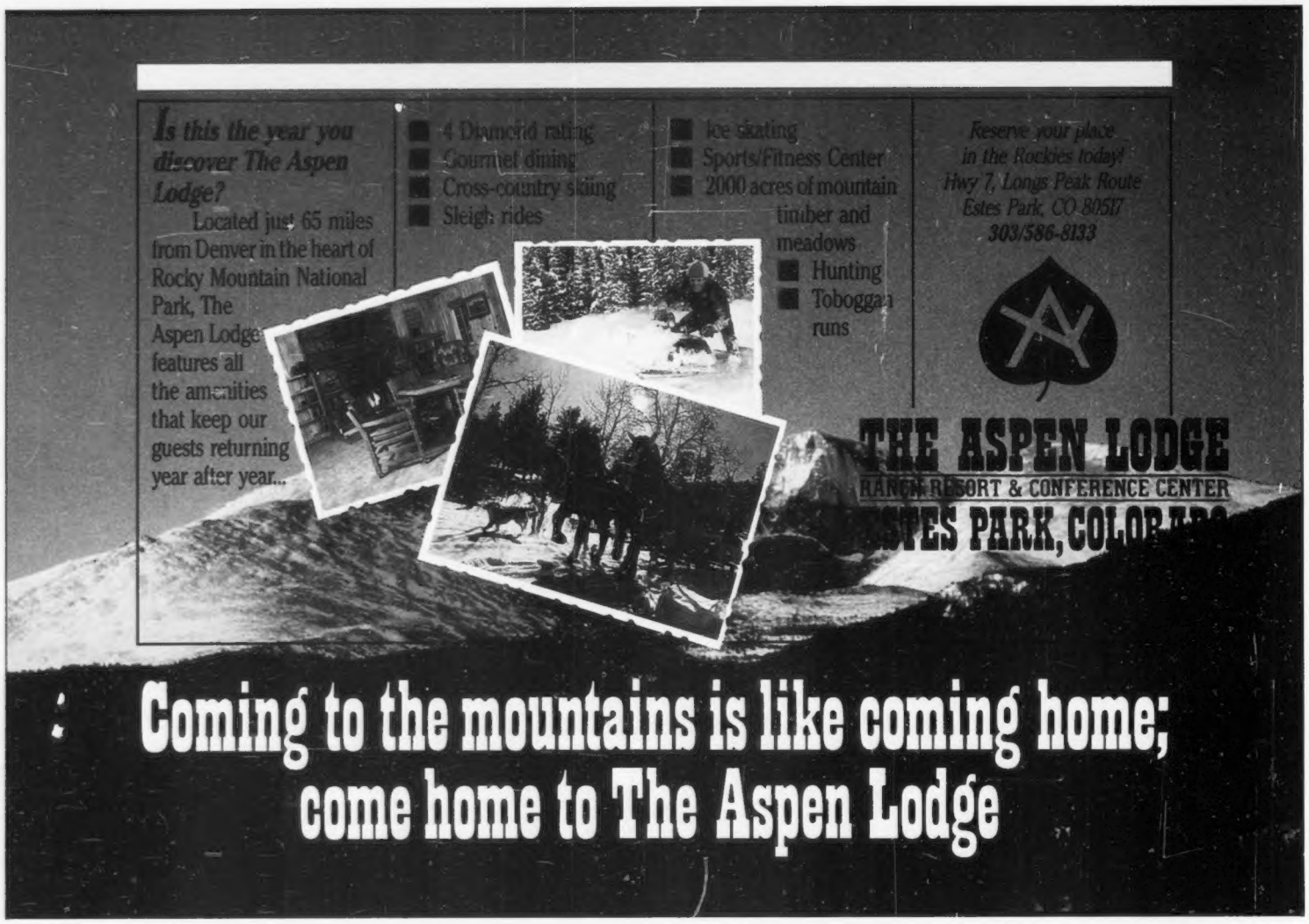
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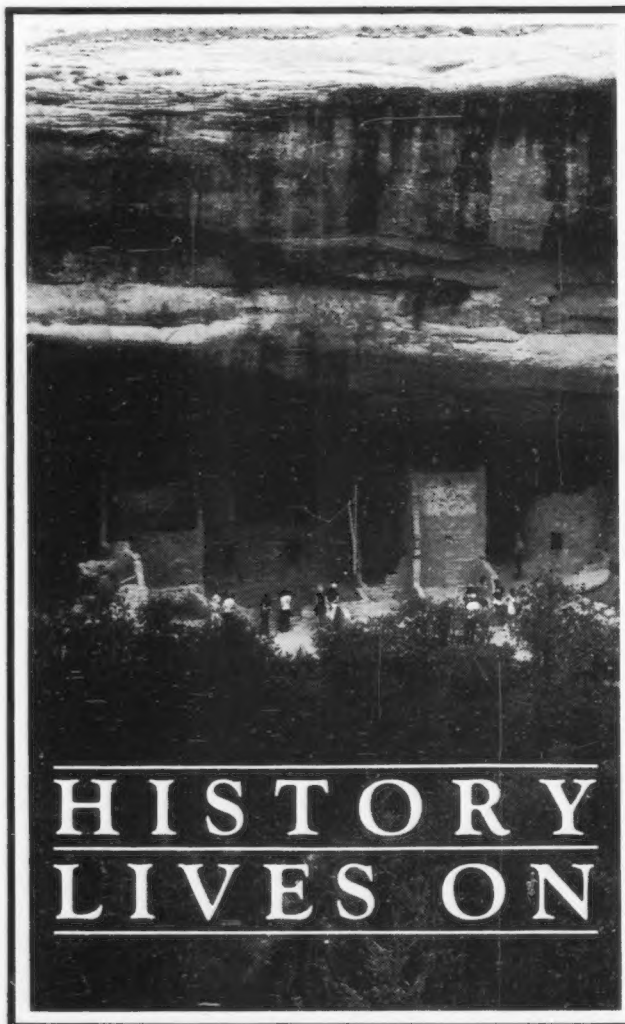

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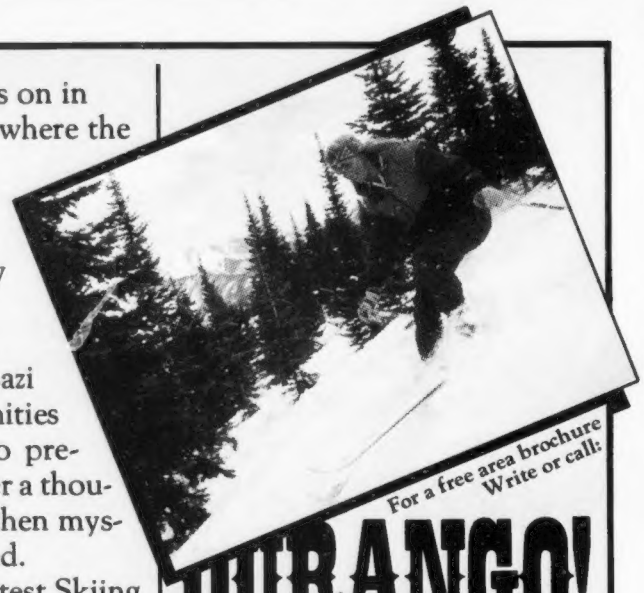

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November/December 1986 Vol. XXIII, No. 6

American West

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PAGE 18 PHOTO BY TOM PEW

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Cover

In this issue we look at the reasons for the unprecedented popularity of Louis L'Amour's Western tales. From a long family heritage on Westering frontiers, and from personal experiences living out many Western roles, L'Amour fashions stories that ring real and true. He combines a natural talent for storytelling with a feeling for what really makes up Western life, emphasizing a staunch belief in high ethical values. From his home in California and his rancho in Colorado, L'Amour continues to send out best sellers, with a seemingly endless inventory of plots for the future. The public will have to set a rapid reading pace in order to keep up with the output of this bard of the West. At the same time, along with little Sally Brown, they can ponder L. L.'s initials on elevator buttons.

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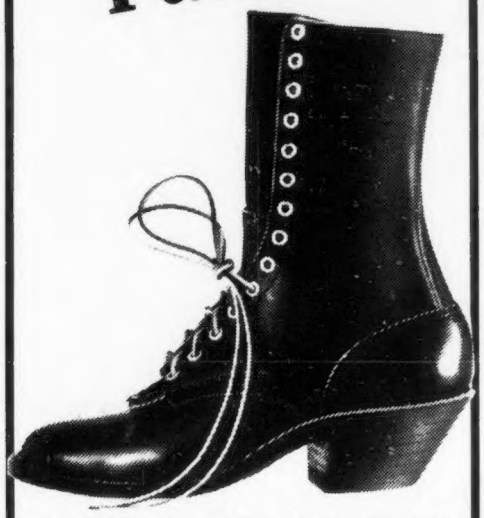

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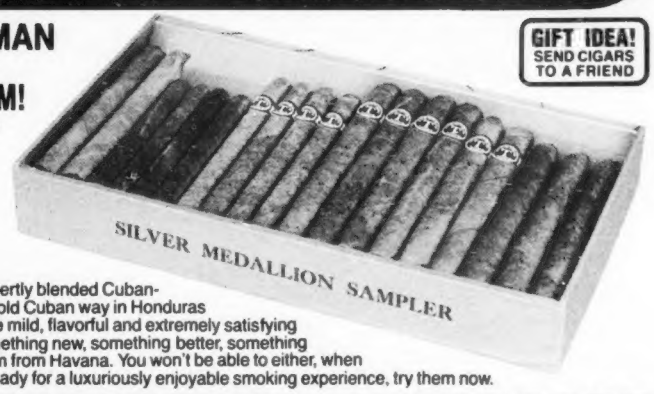

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View from the West

PHOTO BY RONALD D. DEHN

Ever since it appeared half-buried in wet sand, at surf's edge on Galveston Island, I've kept the brine-pitted ship's spike among my collection of personal treasures. The hand-forged, square-headed nail is tucked away in a cedar cigar box along with an odd inventory of things from my own as well as my parents' and grandparents' past. In addition to the sea-weathered spike, there's an arrowhead, a handful of foreign coins, my U.S. Army dog tags, my Ukranian grandfathers' bone-handled pocketknife, and the quaint-faced, leather-strapped wristwatch my father wore when he boarded the train for California just ahead of the Depression.

From time to time, as though the little wooden box contained memories transmuted into solid form, I rediscover its contents hidden away in a corner of the storeroom. Taking the things out one at a time, I turn them over in my hand. Each object possesses the power to carry me backwards in time to the place where it first came into my possession. People and places from my own time as well as the time of my ancestors are pulled into focus, while a whole lost era is gathered together as though the thing were a drawstring on a bag of collective dreams and memories.

I single out the square-headed spike because it excels in its power to throw open the time window and call me back to Galveston. I also single it out because I recently revisited this island of my childhood.

The spike in my hand drives itself into the empty beach at the surf line and year I picked it up. From that compass point, in a wide arc inscribed like a child's circle drawn in the sand, I roam free on the whole island. I breathe thick Gulf air. I listen to sighing surf climbing the gentle continental slope. I clearly recall the dreams I dreamed in Galveston first as a child and later as a young man.

The spike even has a dream of its own: a memory, I like to think, of Jean Laffite, king of Galveston pirates. The spike arrived on shore from the deck of a sunken wooden ship. A half-buried, rotting hulk that gives up a piece of iron from time to time, the heavier cache of gold doubloons remain with the ghost of the ship on the bottom.

But the iron spike also catches at a place not far from the hard-packed shoreline, among the dunes held together with wiry stems of sea oats, and beach morning glory. A hidden place where a young man staked down a shelter of canvas one night and waited out a sudden squall of wind and rain, warmed by a driftwood fire and a young girl's arms.

The memory of the spike is the memory of exploring forbidden, mosquito-filled, dark, and dripping underground bunkers — a legacy of Texas coastal artillery built before the turn of the century and greatly expanded during World War II.

And the old iron nail brings back memories of World War II from the Galveston perspective: blackout screens at dusk on every window, dark streets devoid of a single streetlight, cars making their cautious way with metal eyelids on their headlamps. I was just a child, but the idea of U-boats and battleships lurking just underwater or over the horizon was heard on the lips of every adult and fired the imagination of every child. Fantasies of helmet-headed Germans or Japanese wading ashore and kicking over my sand castles as they forced us to stand against the seawall at bayonet point.

The spike recalls a foolhardy afternoon of body surfing in the steady, high waves that arrive evenly ahead of a hurricane: shooting the powerful breakers, risking lives in a watery death just for the insane, adolescent fun of it. It's the dream of a lost diving friend, vanished and presumed drowned, a body searched for, but never found.

The spike is driven into the sand at a time and place where personal memory and island history merge: a rich surge of tidal waters from which everyone and everything emerges. A place where, as John Muir put it, "When one tugs at a single thing in nature, he finds it attached to the rest of the world."

I returned to Galveston this summer. There was a multistory hotel on top of the once commanding, shore gun emplacement. The impregnable cement bunker had been turned into a gigantic decorative planter. The sand dunes were gone — scraped flat and trucked off for fill. Modern beach houses crept right down to the high-tide line, leaving room for just a whisp of the old shore grasses, like the thin, lost hair of a radiation victim. The beach was filled with strangers.

Everything seemed to have happened outside the Galveston circle I'd traversed for so many years. The spike no longer held the center. The drawstring had pulled free of the bag. All seemed detached from the interconnected tug of John Muir's description. I'd come home, but home was gone. Swept away just as surely as though the killer hurricane of 1900 had returned to scour the island.

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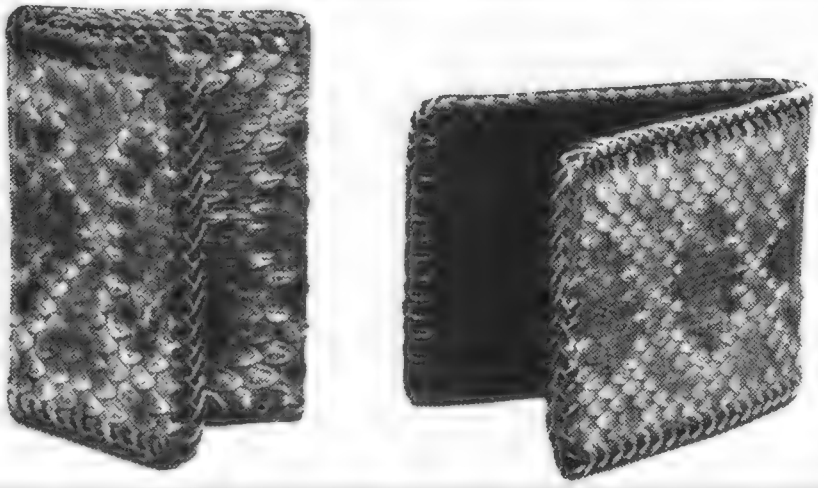

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Letters to the Editor

Colorado River War

Editor's note: Apologies to Peter Warshall. Due to deplorable slipups by our preparation house and by our printer, the author's byline and the subtitle were omitted on "The Great Colorado River War" in our September/October issue. This fine feature was written by Peter Warshall. The missing subtitle read: "A Gilbert and Sullivan caper about a serious problem in the Southwest." We regret that Mr. Warshall's name was omitted on the opening spread.

Imagine my surprise when I opened your September/October magazine and found the article about the Arizona Navy. It has been sort of a family joke for years, as Joe Bush [Nellie's husband] was our uncle. My father, Jim Bush, used to run the "Navy" for Joe and Nellie and also met his wife Leona in Parker.

While I really enjoyed the article, it seemed to me that it slighted Joe something terrible, and it didn't even mention his name. To the best of my knowledge, Joe and Nellie owned those properties together, and Joe was quite a business man in his own right. I can't believe that Nellie did all those things without Joe's cooperation. The ferry boats were named after my grandmother Julia (Joe's mother) and of course Nellie.

As a matter of information Nellie also served on the Colorado River Water Commission for many years. The article implied that Nellie spent most of the time on the river, ferrying cars, but most of her time was taken up with law practice and legislative business.

James H. Bush
Roseville, California

The Art of American Arms

A friend sent me a copy of the July/August issue of AMERICAN WEST, and I feel obliged to compliment you on the truly outstanding article "The Art of American Arms." The choice of subject is excellent, and the photography is magnificent — congratulations.

J. E. Reinke, President
National Rifle Association of America
Washington, D.C.

We cannot describe for you our outrage over the lengthy, fancy (expensive, no doubt) advertising section for Ruger guns in your latest issue. We have little problem with articles, such as the one in that issue, which present the role of the gun in terms of historical significance, nor do we take great issue with advertisement of weapons designed for hunting only (i.e., rifles and shotguns). We have several in our home. We *strenuously* object, however, to blatant hawking of weapons designed and utilized for killing and maiming human beings.

We are well aware of the role played by handguns in the tragedy that is this country's statistics on violence, injury, and premature death. We are astounded and disappointed that a publication of the calibre of AMERICAN WEST would contribute to this appalling situation.

James P. and Courtney A. Thomas
Denver, Colorado

Regarding "The Art of American Arms" (July/August), page 37, left column, "Vices": When I lived in Tucson, we always spelled *that* kind of vise with an "s". Vise is a four-letter word, and you know that classy magazines should never misspell four-letter words.

M. S. Crabtree
Phoenix, Arizona

Major Sibley's stove

Regarding Western Lore in your July/August edition, showing the picture of Major Sibley's Handy Stove: My wife, Marea Campbell, and I found a Sibley stove at an antique shop in Tombstone, Arizona, in 1965. We had it here in our home for quite some time, then donated it to the School of the Ozarks Museum at Point Lookout, Missouri. I really do not believe that they realize what a rare piece they have as I have not seen it displayed there.

Walter H. Campbell
Reeds Spring, Missouri

Claude Dallas

Authoritarians like to misuse the word "radical" which relates to the words root, origin, and fundamental, not just extreme. It is radically basic education to think to the cause, and that is the effect on me of this lead article in the September/October AMERICAN WEST. "Wanted Again" by Hugh Nichols clearly shows that in the beginning it is the system that was at fault. When a person is living within the Golden Rule, there is an inalienable right to be free.

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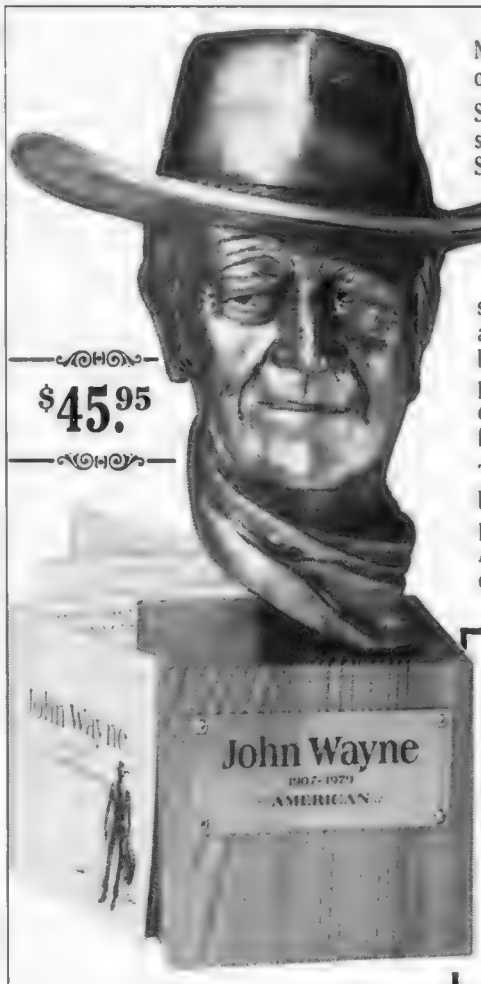

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Draft boards be damned, we all could have been protected from this man if the system had not used force and violence on one who knew that he belonged to himself.

America has many more "time bomb" killers politically bought and paid for.

Dan Henry
Big Pine Key, Florida

As a native Nevadan, experienced law enforcement officer, and environmental extremist, I have mixed feelings about the Claude Dallas affair. From fourteen years of law enforcement and military service, I have become extremely skeptical of most government institutions. I have seen and participated in the extraordinary abuses of American citizens under the cloak of government action. I know full well how Claude must have felt when confronted by "badge heavy" authority. I cannot condone what Claude Dallas did, but I am sympathetic to his position. I am far more concerned about his game-law violations than I am about his defending himself from bureaucratic heavy handedness. . . .

Make no mistake. I would arrest Claude if he were in my jurisdiction, and I would shoot him if necessary to defend myself. But, just like the NVA soldiers I fought in Viet Nam, I have far more respect for a Claude Dallas than those who will not fight for their principles.

James R. Jarrett
Phoenix, Arizona

Yes and No

Congratulations on another fantastic issue. The July/August issue was exceptionally great due to Doug Peacock's "Lonely Desert Rendezvous" and the Albrights' "Coolidges in Wonderland." The latter brought back many memories from my excursion to Yellowstone and to Cody two years ago.

Judy Ann Lostocco
Wethersfield, Connecticut

More junk like Peacock's "Lonely Desert Rendezvous," and you'll have one less subscriber. "If I break a leg, I'm stuck. . . ." "This could be serious . . . I don't have a snake-bite kit. . . ." Yea, a "mission," alright, a *rescue mission* where others risk *their* lives and spend *their* and the taxpayers' time and money. Enough.

Dan Olivier
Flagstaff, Arizona

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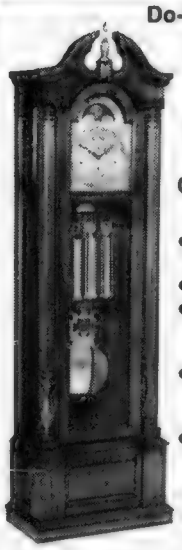

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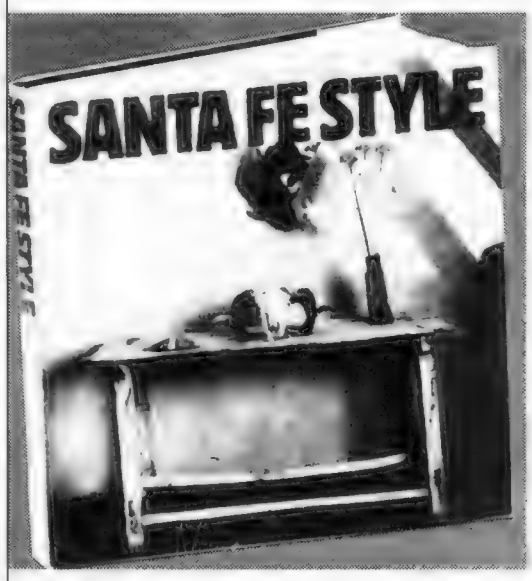

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MONO CRATERS, LOOKING SOUTH FROM MONO LAKE PHOTO COURTESY USGS

What's Brewing Near Mono Lake?

by Stephen L. Harris

Mark Twain described it as "the loneliest spot on earth . . . a lifeless, treeless, hideous desert." Dramatically bleak, the landscape around Mono Lake in east-central California has changed little since Twain visited it in the 1860s.

Arid and windswept as ever, the only new element in this thinly populated region is the attention it now draws from the news media. National concern focused on the area in May of 1980 when a flurry of earthquakes, registering up to 6.0 on the Richter Scale, sent boulders crashing down from the nearby Sierra Nevada and cracked walls in the resort community of Mammoth Lakes. The equally strong quakes of mid-July 1986, although centered near the White Mountains fault zone several miles to the east, continue to excite interest because this unstable area has a potential for geologic violence on a cataclysmic scale.

After Mount St. Helens in Washington state, the United States Geological Survey regards the Mono Lake area, along with the Long Valley region to the south, as the most likely location of the next major volcanic eruption in the forty-eight contiguous states. Explosive eruptions comparable in size to that of Mount St. Helens on May 18, 1980, have occurred repeatedly along a chain of volcanic vents extending southward from Mono Lake to the Mammoth Lakes basin. The Mono Craters, a rugged line of cinder cones, craggy obsidian domes, and steep-sided lava flows, are so geologically youthful that they look as if they had been erected only yesterday. The Inyo Craters, a southward extension of the chain, contain a similar accumulation of jagged lava formations, including spectacular funnel-shaped explosion pits, some of which hold turgid green lakes.

Geologists have long known that the Mono-Inyo Craters have been recently active, erupting from at least thirty different vents during the last 2,000 years, but only lately have the nature and extent of the activity been recognized. Two important new studies by Dan Miller of the U.S. Geological Survey and Kerry Seih of the California Institute of Technology reveal that volcanic action at the Mono-Inyo Craters differs significantly from that at most well-known volcanos.

Famous volcanos like Vesuvius, Augustine, or St. Helens are single cones that normally erupt from a single central vent. By contrast, when the Mono area volcanos become active, they simultaneously open a whole series of new vents along a zone several miles in length. The eruptive effects are thus not confined to the vicinity of an individual cone but extend over a wide territory. When the Mono-Inyo Craters last erupted, they spewed lava from a dozen separate vents located at both the northern and southern ends of the chain.

Geologists believe that past events provide a key to what will happen in the future. If this proves true, then persons now living in towns scattered along Highway 395, the main route connecting northern and southern California east of the Sierra crest, can expect a replay of the "chain of fire" that blanketed thousands of square miles with volcanic debris when the Mono-Inyo Craters last erupted. By counting the annual growth-rings on trees rooted in the volcanic deposits, researchers conclude that two spectacular series of eruptions took place at some point between about A.D. 1325 and A.D. 1365 during a very brief period of time, perhaps a few weeks or months.

Activity began at the northern end of the Mono Craters when a dike (a thin, sheetlike vertical body of molten rock) intersected the surface. Encountering ground water that flashed into steam, the gas-charged magma exploded with tremendous force, blasting open a four-mile-long line of new vents and propelling columns of hot ash miles into the stratosphere. The ash clouds, ejected in a cycle of distinct pulses, were carried many tens of miles north, east, and south by changing winds, depositing a thick layer of ash over central California and western Nevada. If a comparable eruption were to happen today, it would produce a layer of ash eight inches thick twenty miles downwind, and as much as two inches thick fifty miles away from the volcano.

Following the vertical expulsion of ash, a second phase of the activity produced pyroclastic flows, turbulent mixtures of seething gas and incandescent rock fragments that pour over the ground surface like a heavy liquid. Unlike the widespread ashfall, however, the pyroclastic flows were largely restricted to within half a mile of the source vent.

The third and final stage of the eruptive cycle was much quieter. Following the explosive activity, thick tongues of viscous lava were squeezed from several of the vents, like putty from a tube. Too stiff and pasty to flow far, the lava formed short, stumpy lava flows called coulees, and massive domes — protrusions of rhyolite lava that plugged and capped the vents from which they emerged. Five separate domes and coulees were emplaced, the most conspicuous of which is Panum Dome, located near the south shore of Mono Lake.

Impressive as the North Mono eruptions were, they were only the first half of the two-part volcanic drama enacted here during the midfourteenth century. Perhaps only a year or two, or less, after the North Mono ash had fallen, another series of explosive outbursts began at the Inyo Craters, a few miles to the south. The sequence of events was similarly devastating to the surrounding countryside. Again a dike of rhyolitic magma, about four and one-half to eight miles long, rose to within about 700 feet of the surface before erupting. A chain of new craters was blasted open, generating towering plumes of tephra that laid down a thick blanket of gray ash, mantling even regions many miles to the west. While some of the new vents spewed fresh magma, others produced phreatic (steam-blast) eruptions that hurled old rock fragments high into the air.

After the explosive phase, de-gassed magma surged into several vents along the Inyo Craters chain, forming steep-sided domes or flows of glittering black obsidian at the South Deadman, Glass Creek, and Obsidian Flow vents.

The Mono-Inyo Craters have been quiet since their two-act display approximately six hundred years ago. Most geologists would not be surprised, however, to see activity resume at any time. During the last two millennia, eruptions have occurred in the area every few centuries, and we may be overdue for another violent episode when the earth's surface will split along fractures several miles long and spew fountains of fire. Whether the present earthquake sequence is triggered by the subterranean intrusion of a dike that is destined to erupt at the surface as its predecessor did, only time can tell.

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The two exciting new studies cited above are: C. Dan Miller, "Holocene Eruptions at the Inyo Volcanic Chain, California; Implications for Possible Eruptions in Long Valley Caldera," *Geology*, vol. 13 (1985). Kerry Sieh and Marcus Bursik, "The Most Recent Eruption of the Mono Craters, Eastern Central California" (1986, in press).

Stephen L. Harris *is the author of* Fire and Ice: Our Western Volcanoes, *published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.*

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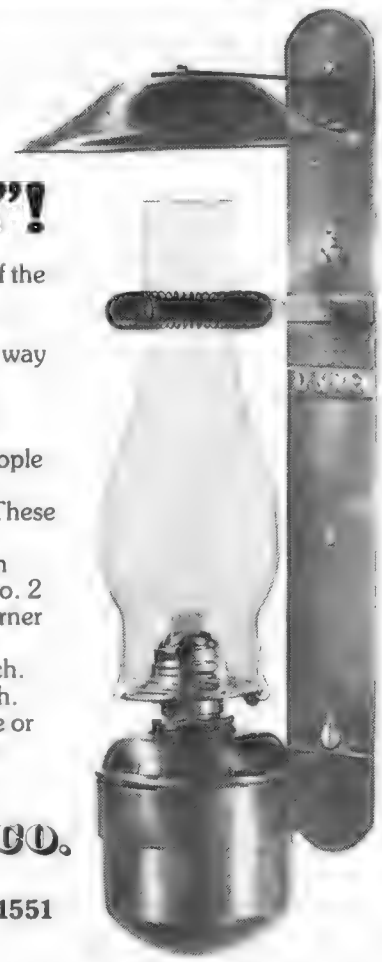

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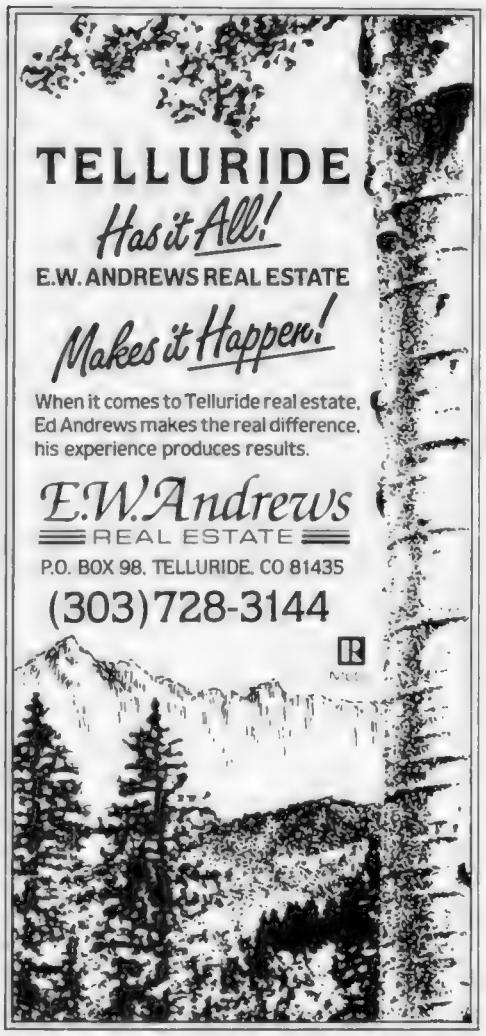
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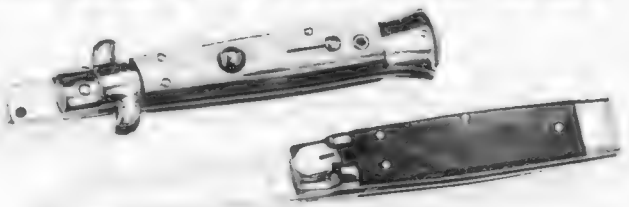

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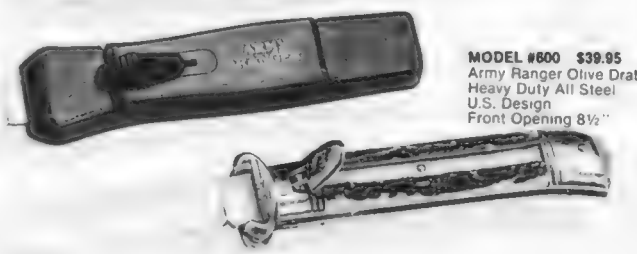

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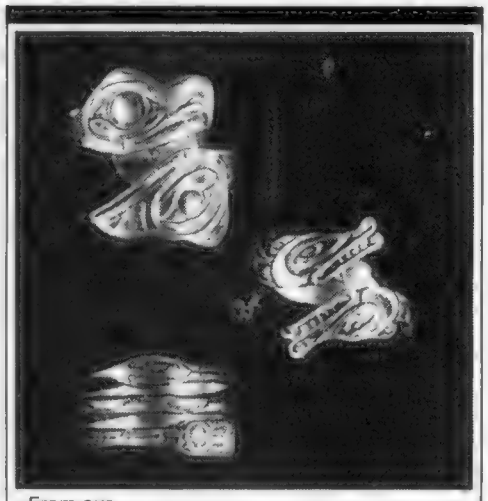

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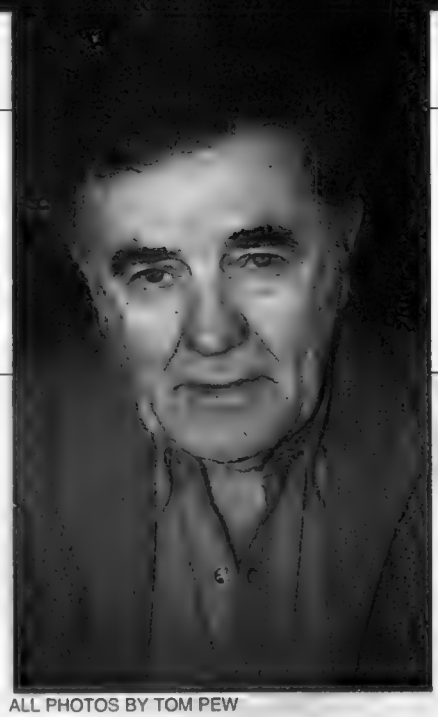
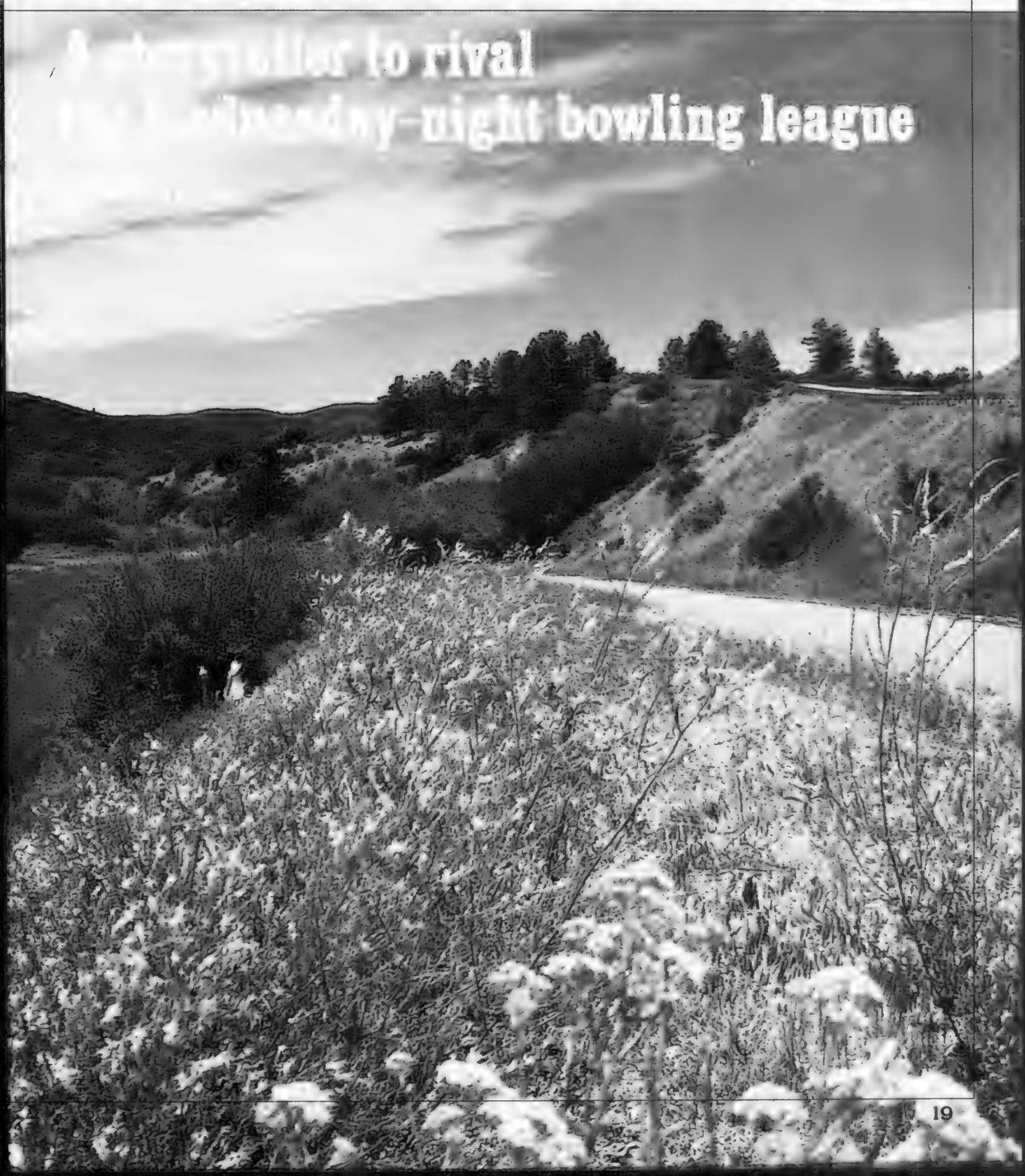


ALL PHOTOS BY TOM PEW

Popular storyteller Louis L'Amour (inset) can look out upon this summer scene from his ranch in southwestern Colorado. This beautiful valley is watered by the Animas River, which the Spaniards called El Rio de las Animas Perdidas (The River of Lost Souls).

OF THE WEST



THE WEEK BEFORE MY SCHEDULED INTERVIEW WITH Louis L'Amour I picked up the Sunday comic section and found that even Charlie Brown and little Sally were talking about him:

"Did you see that?" says Sally as they step off the elevator. "His initials were on one of the buttons in the elevator. It said 'LL'."

"What's 'LL'?" asks Charlie Brown.

"Louis L'Amour! He writes all those Westerns. That's pretty neat having your initials on an elevator button!"

"I don't think 'LL' means Louis L'Amour. I think it means 'Lower Lobby'," explains Charlie Brown.

"Really? What did *he* write?"

I chuckled as I read the comic strip, but like anyone who has ever glanced through an airport book rack or stood in awe of the man whose novels occupy an entire wall at the local bookstore, I thought to myself that Sally definitely had a point. After all, hadn't every friend who heard about my upcoming interview brought me a favorite L'Amour novel and begged me to get his autograph? My briefcase contained no less than nine different 'LL's'. And those nine represented only a fraction of his eighty-plus novels that are in print. Every year the westerns of Louis L'Amour sell at an astonishing rate of ten million copies. Pulitzer Prize winners may come and go, but few of them have their initials on elevator buttons. What was it, I wondered, that kept people looking for the latest L'Amour, when the works of other best-selling authors are consigned to the shelves of the used bookstores within a matter of months?

* * * * * * * *

Tall and broad shouldered, with just a touch of grey in his black curly hair, Louis L'Amour looks at least twenty years younger than he is. "I never mention my age to anybody at all," he explained. "I don't think anybody ever should, no matter who they are. I stopped telling my age as a philosophical thing as well as a kind of protest. When I was eighteen years old, I was working on construction jobs, lumber camps, mining camps, the kind of jobs that needed strength. I had worked up in Oregon with two men. One was a millwright, which is a sort of super carpenter, and the other was a carpenter. One was thirty and the other was forty-two. They were very skilled and efficient in a way that I would never become.

"We went to apply for a job at an oil company, and guess who got the job? They turned these two men down because they said they were too old. I was going to be a writer; I knew it even then. Yet this was their livelihood. They weren't going to do anything else for the rest of their lives. When they turned away from that counter their faces were grey with shock. I stood there thinking how terribly, terribly unjust it was that they were turned down just because of an idea about age. Age has no bearing on anything. William Pitt was England's Chancellor of the Exchequer when he was twenty-three years old. And if Winston Churchill had died when he was sixty-five, he would have been a forgotten man and a footnote in English history. So there's no telling, you see. Some men mature late and come into themselves late; others arrive very early. Age has nothing to do with it."

Obviously age has no bearing on the ability of a man who writes three novels a year and has plans for over thirty more. However, the fact that L'Amour was born in 1908 does indeed have an impact on his work. He arrived on the scene during an era when the men who had battled the elements, the Indians, and each other to settle the West were still around to tell about it. Even as a young child, he was talking with and listening to the very people who experienced the life that he now writes about.

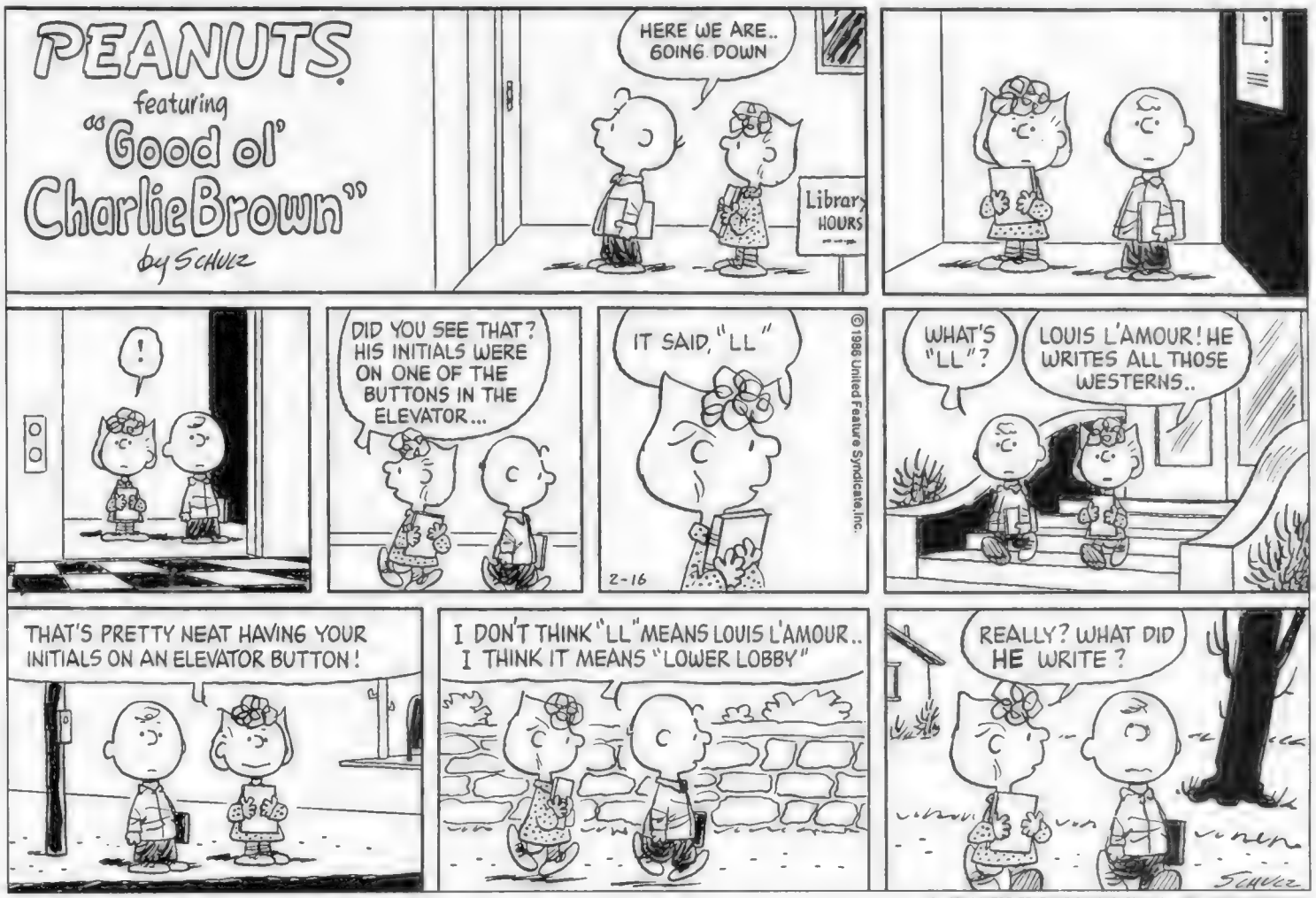
"I've known thirty-five of the old gunfighters and outlaws personally and well," L'Amour said. "I left home when I was fifteen and started on my own. I was man-grown and passing for twenty-two because nobody would take a kid that young for a job. I baled hay over in New Mexico. We had the only mechanical baler in the Pecos Valley at that time. We baled hay for everybody all around the valley and one day we were right across the road from where Billy the Kid was buried with two of his buddies. The fella who owned the baler said to me, 'Well why don't you talk to Tom about it?' The man who was bucking hay up to the baler was a man who had ridden with Billy, been arrested with him, and even been in gun battles with him. He had been wounded in one of them and had also fought in the Tonto Basin War in Arizona. This was a man who had been through it all working right there with me.

"I knew George Colt," L'Amour continued, his face animated with the memory of old friends. "He also knew Billy the Kid and was involved in that same affair. I knew a bunch of those old-timers, but of course with what I know now I realize I could have known twice as many. They were in the towns where I was, and I never knew who they were — so I never met them. I could just kick myself now for not finding them. Hughes, the famous ranger, was in a town where I was working. He was living there very much alone and probably would have enjoyed talking. And I would have loved to have talked to him."

L'AMOUR'S TOUCH WITH HISTORY GOES BACK LONG BEfore the turn of the century. He knew men and women whose own stories dated before the Civil War. "I wrote a book called *Comstock Lode*," he said. "I worked in mines with miners who had worked on the Comstock Lode. So I got it straight from the horse's mouth. And I worked on ranches with guys who had been cowboying back in those days. I just stored it all away in my head. When I first started writing, I hadn't intended to write about the West, but I loved it, and I just wanted to know all I could about it."

His memories of visitors to his childhood home conjure up images of a family sitting around the kitchen table spinning tales as a young Louis L'Amour listened wide eyed and memorized every word.

"I had an uncle by marriage. He married my mother's oldest sister. He was an interesting man. I only remember him as a fella who visited us occasionally when I was a small boy. He had managed a ranch right outside the Hole in the Wall. And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2-16
WHAT'S "LL"?
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I DON'T THINK "LL" MEANS LOUIS L'AMOUR.. I THINK IT MEANS "LOWER LOBBY"
REALLY? WHAT DID HE WRITE?
SCHULZ

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Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid used to ride across his pasture going back to Hole in the Wall. Sometimes they'd be in a hurry and stop at his corral. They'd leave their horses and take his. He never minded because the horses they left were usually better than the ones they took. My uncle was a man who was dead-set against success. He had a good education, a good background, but he didn't want to succeed. He just loved the West, and he traveled it from way down in Sonora to way up in British Columbia. He followed every boom there was. He ranched and he mined and did all kinds of things and — he was happy. So were his wife and son. He was completely intoxicated with the West and occasionally he'd come to our home to visit and tell stories about it all. So you can see, long before I ever started out on my own, all these names were names I'd grown up with."

Even at the age of twelve, L'Amour knew that he wanted to become a writer someday. "I grew up in a story-telling family, and the West was a great story-telling place. People were always stopping by to talk with my Dad and my Mother, telling stories, and these became a part of me. I knew that this was something I wanted to do."

As we sipped cinnamon coffee in a quiet room overlooking a patio and a fountain, L'Amour talked about his family and influences that molded his early life in North Dakota.

"I left school when I was fifteen, but an education is there if a person really wants to get it. The libraries are full of it. Books are full of it, and I've lived with books all of my life."

I looked around the room at stacks of books and magazines whose topics included everything from archeology to military history.

"I came from a family where books were always around. Everyone in the family read a great deal. We had a good library there in our hometown, and all of us had cards, and all of us would come home with our arms full of books. One of my favorites when I was a kid was *Treasure Island*. I liked *Ivanhoe*. I read several of Sir Walter Scott's books. He probably had the most profound influence on the West of any writer that ever lived. There 's no question about it. Sir Walter Scott was not only very popular at the time, but I would venture to say that ninety percent of all the people who could read had read Sir Walter Scott's novels before they headed West. A lot of the early cowboys came from the South pretty much, had grown up reading Sir Walter Scott, and had his ideas of chivalry. They didn't have too many books — so the books they had made a profound influence on them."

L'Amour described his father as a man a young boy could look up to and be proud of. "He was a veterinarian who also sold farm machinery. As in most small towns, people double in brass; they do two things. My father was also a deputy sheriff in our little town which was not on the frontier but close to it — so we had many of the problems. He was French and Irish with a real flair. A lot of people liked him. He was a good storyteller. In his younger days as an officer he had several fistfights, and this put me in a special category with the other

kids. They all looked up to him and admired him very much. I went on trips with him to doctor horses and large stock. He was a wonderful guy.''

THOUGH HIS FATHER SEEMED TO BE THE ONE IN the family with a real flair, L'Amour's mother added another dimension to the family life. ''She was quiet and very religious and pretty.'' Louis is the youngest of her seven children. ''My oldest sister is still living. She is up in her nineties now. There were twin sisters who died before I was born, and then I had another sister who died when I was just a kid. She was only seventeen and already writing poetry, and very good stuff. I think in my own heart she would have been another Edna St. Vincent Millay. She was that good. My oldest sister wrote several books. My brother wrote one book, but he was a newspaperman all his life. When he died, he was chief editorial writer for Scripps-Howard. He covered all the Four-Power conferences during the war with Stalin and Roosevelt. So you can see that I came from a family where books were always around. Writing was not only a part of *my* life, but it became the life of other members of my family.''

Although his family history is filled with tales of Indian fighters and Union cavalry officers, L'Amour states that the characters in his books are drawn from sources other than his own family. The Sackett family, for instance, has its origin in a chance meeting L'Amour had with two cowboys when he was only sixteen years old. ''I was in Tucumcari, New Mexico,'' he began, ''and I was a stranger in town. There was a fair and a lot of people from around the area were there. Some of the local guys started picking on me a little bit. I could hold my own in a fight. I had been boxing since I was a kid, but they didn't know this, of course. I got into a fight with one of them, and quite a crowd gathered around, including quite a few of his friends. And some of them started to get into it until two cowboys stepped out and told them to get back. They all got back.

''Later I was talking to these two fellas, who were cousins, as it turned out. We happened to be heading in the same direction; so we rode together and camped out. We were sitting around the fire and started talking about the fight. One of them said, 'We never get into fights.' I said, 'Well you're lucky.' Then he said, 'No, it isn't that. There's thirteen boys in his family and sixteen in mine!' I thought, boy that's the way to go! I was all alone and I thought that was just great. Their first names were Judd and Red, but I won't tell their last names. I'm sure that their children and grandchildren are out there reading the Sackett books and enjoying them. I don't believe honestly that these guys ever owned a pair of socks in their lives. They just shoved their bare feet down in their boots, you know. They had never known anything but cowboying. I ran into Red later at a place called Hidden Lake near Santa Rosa, New Mexico. It's a big deep pool surrounded by rocks except at one point where you can get down close to it. It was teeming with fish. Red had known the place was there, but he hadn't been to it in a long time. He made a bow and arrow and killed fish with them like the Indians used to do. He was very good at it, and that was the first time I had ever seen it done.''

L'Amour fondly remembered the personalities of these men who served as the original models for his Sackett family characters.

''Those two fellows were two of the most genuine and wonderful human beings I have ever known. I don't think there was an ounce of malice in either one of them. They never had any money of any kind. I think you could leave your wife or daughter with them or a sack of gold and feel they were perfectly safe. Judd and Red were just real people. That's another characteristic of the Sacketts. A lot of people came out of Tennessee and Kentucky and had that feeling of kinship. I wanted to tell the story of the opening up of the West, and I thought this would be the best way.''

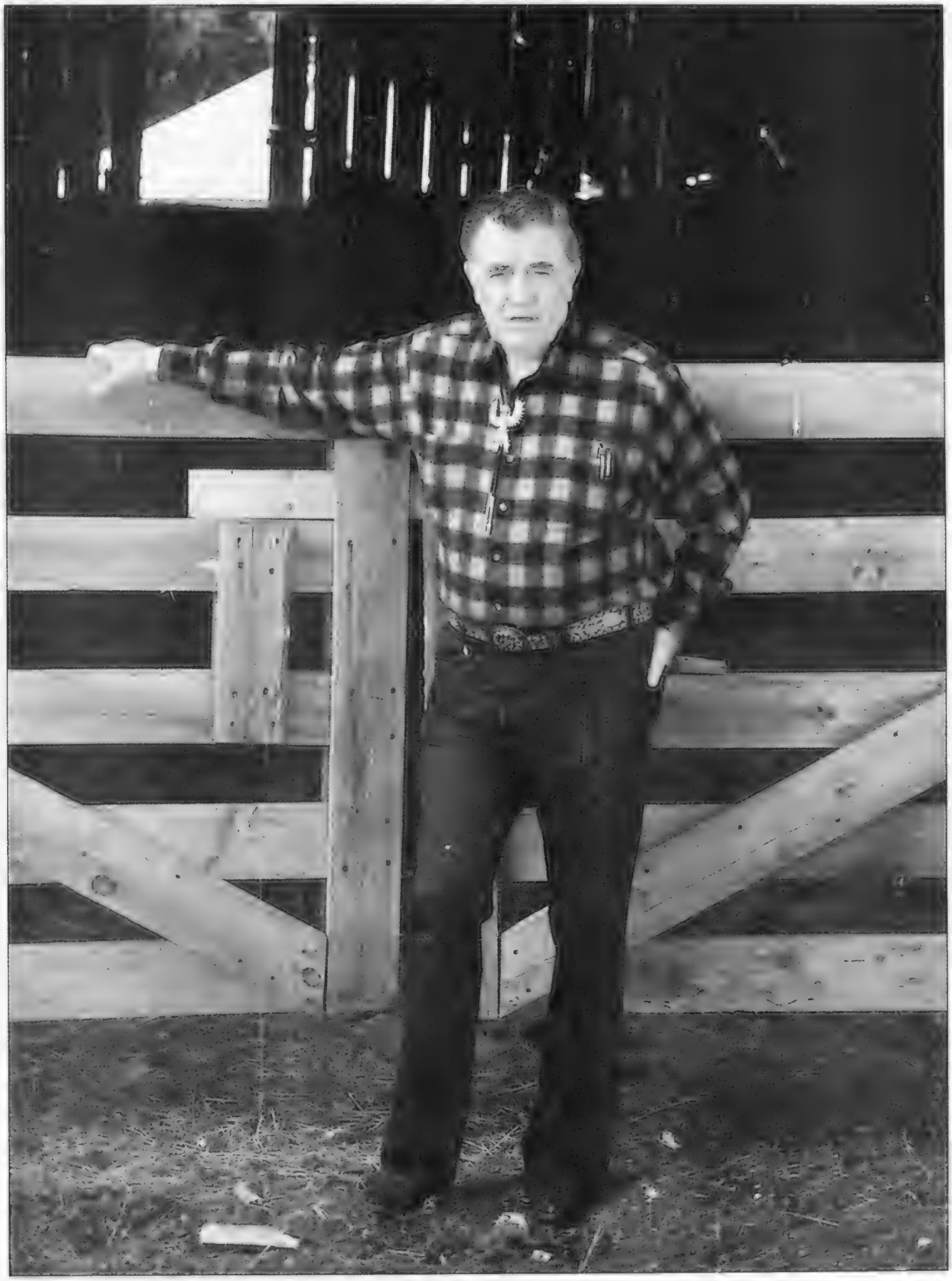
Throughout the novels of Louis L'Amour, his leading characters have certain qualities; they are qualities that he believes still exist in many men and women today. ''Once on a television show I was asked what was the one particular quality that the Western man had, and unhappily I couldn't think right at the moment. Later the thought came to me that it is Dignity. These people had it and have it. Maybe they were poor, maybe they didn't have anything. But they had dignity and pride, and they were honorable men. That was something that extended even to the outlaw. He might steal your horses, but you couldn't call him a liar. He'd tell you the truth. Men and women had standards.''

NOW WE LIVE IN A PERIOD WHERE THERE IS SO MUCH viciousness,'' L'Amour continued. ''There is such cynicism among people now. It's hard to believe that a decent woman could ride anywhere in the West entirely alone and be unmolested and safe. Rape was almost unknown. Again, the cowboys had read Sir Walter Scott, and they took those standards very much to heart. There was a change in the West when the railroads were built. Before that time nobody ever locked their door. People who came out in wagon trains and came out the hard way were a pretty decent honorable bunch. When the railroads were built almost anybody could come West. You didn't need a lot of nerve, all you needed was money for a ticket. Then trouble began to come into the country.

''Of course a lot of things that we regard as crime now were not regarded as crime then. For example, if there was a legitimate shoot-out between two people facing each other with guns, the sheriff in the early towns would not even make any inquiries about it. As long as it was a fair and square shoot-out, he would let it go. Because this wasn't strictly an American thing. This was the end of the old code duello. For thousands of years issues had been settled by combat. It was the judgement of God who won, and that was it. Every king had his champion. Shoot-outs in the West were simply the tail end of it. So this was not regarded as crime.''

With cynicism in our culture abounding, one cannot help

The master of the rancho leans against the barn gate, his vigorous appearance reflecting an active physical life during which he has been cowboy, lumberjack, miner, seaman, and professional boxer, among others.



THE WESTERN BARD IN COLORADO

Some miles outside Durango, Colorado, Louis L'Amour retreats from the busyness of the twentieth century to the solid, down-to-earth existence of the characters in his popular Western novels. On his rancho, L'Amour enjoys kinship with the land and with stoic pioneers who met adversities of their times with courage and dignity. Always interested in historical research, L'Amour has determined that his place was on the route taken by the Franciscan friar Silvestre Vélez de Escalante more than two hundred years ago when he traveled from Santa Fe through the Rockies and into the Utah area. L'Amour can give the exact date that the Catholic brother passed through — August 8, 1776.

On his ranch, L'Amour is surrounded by reminders of the pioneer past. The house he lives in, the barn, and the granary were all built in 1881. That was right after the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad founded the nearby settlement of Durango, opening up a period of economic prosperity based on the silver mines of the San Juan Mountains. In these surroundings, L'Amour continues his pledge to walk the land that his characters walk.

L'Amour's understanding of frontier life is grounded not only in his own experience but in the experience of his French-Irish ancestors, as well. The best-selling author can trace his family in North America back to the early 1600s and then follow their westward trek across the continent from one rugged frontier to the next. As a boy in Jamestown, North Dakota, he heard the family tale of the scalping of his great-grandfather by the Sioux.

Louis L'Amour published his first full-length novel, Hondo, *in 1953, after establishing a following for his adventure stories in magazines. He is now one of the four best-selling living novelists in the world. Each of his more than eighty-five novels is constantly in print, and each has sold more than one million copies, giving him more million-copy best-sellers than any other living author. His books have been translated into more than a dozen languages, and more than thirty of his novels and stories have been made into feature films and television movies.*

L'Amour says that he wants to be remembered as a storyteller, a good storyteller, whose tales are so captivating that the most loyal Wednesday-night bowling enthusiast will stay home to see how the latest L'Amour turns out. Indicative of his wide appeal, in 1983 L'Amour received a Special National Gold Medal from the United States Congress. And in 1984 President Reagan awarded L'Amour the Medal of Freedom, the highest honor the President can give a civilian.

but wonder at the popularity of the L'Amour novels that reflect the chivalry of the Old West. "A lot of people don't want to be cynical. They would like it to be the way it was. Some of them believe it's possible, and so do I.

"When men were driving cattle, one cowboy never had to look to see what another cowboy was doing. They had great reliance on each other. Most of the people I hear from about my books have a hope that somehow we can find that kind of honesty in our world again. When I began writing these stories, I thought to myself that there are so many little Alamos throughout the West where people lived bravely and fought bravely and endured. It is important that their stories be told."

During the Vietnam War, L'Amour received over four hundred letters from American GI's who found in his books a relief from the cynicism they faced each day. Poet Steve Mason inscribed a volume of his poetry to L'Amour:

"For Louis L'Amour,

"Because on nights I thought would be my last, I did not write letters home or say my prayers. I simply read a Louis L'Amour, and daybreak always found me ready and hopeful. Such is your wisdom and your courage. Yours is the most human of hearts. Thanks for being who you are . . . ."

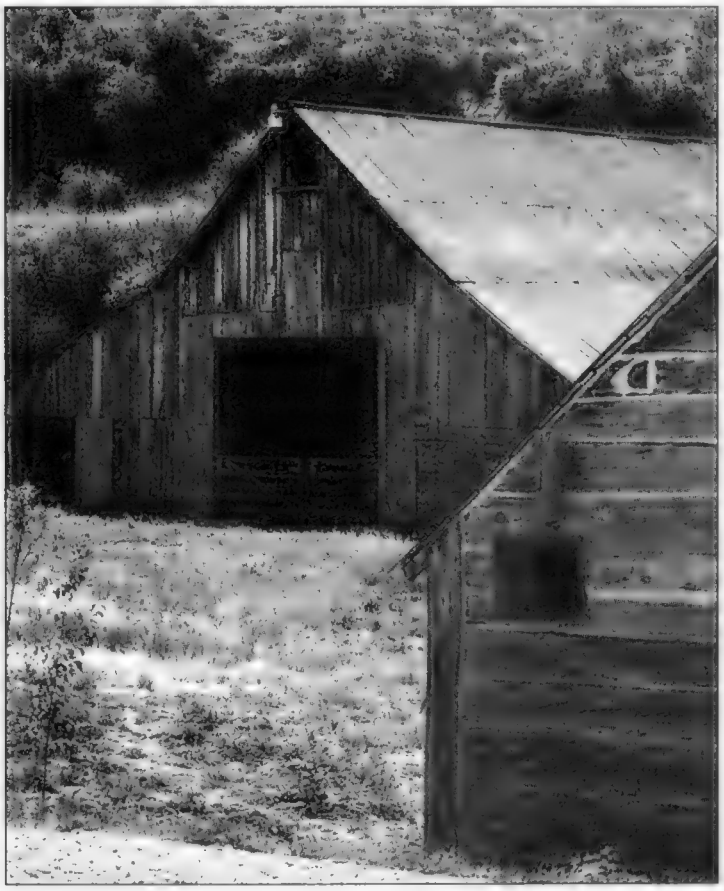
Over one hundred and sixty-three million copies of L'Amour novels have been sold as I write this. By the time this article goes to press many millions more will be in the hands of eager readers. "I have always wanted to do this very thing," said L'Amour. "I want people to put their finger on a line and say, 'Yes, I'll remember that.' So I've tried very hard to make my stories authentic. I want to speak for the people who have no voices, people who think things but don't know how to phrase them. I want to say the things they would like to say. I think that's the reason they enjoy my work — they recognize something there."

A very famous young author once remarked, "People have a strange idea of what makes literature. I think whatever speaks to the hearts of people is literature."

One hundred and sixty-three million books and 'LL' elevator buttons across the country can't be wrong. Louis L'Amour and his stories about the West have touched the hearts of people everywhere.

Bodie Thoene *is a free-lance writer who lives in southern California. She is co-author of* The Fall Guy *and has recently completed a novel for Bethany House Publishers.*

(Clockwise, beginning lower left) ***The barn and granary on Louis L'Amour's Colorado place have stood there for over a century, serving generations of frontiersmen who farmed the Animas valley. L'Amour stands on the porch of his remodeled ranch house, of the same nineteenth-century vintage as the outbuildings. The dwelling offers comfort midst the serene beauty of the "silver" San Juans and the fertile valley. A smiling L'Amour poses with his handsome wife, Kathy.***



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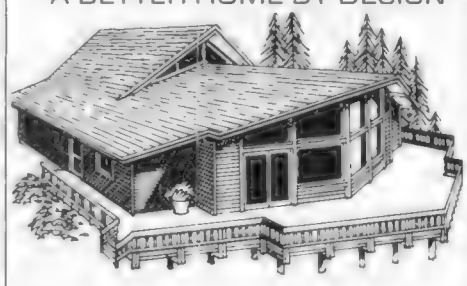

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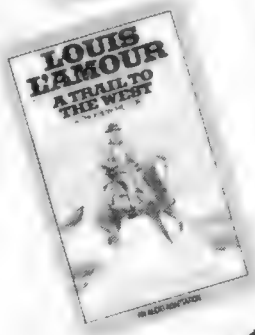

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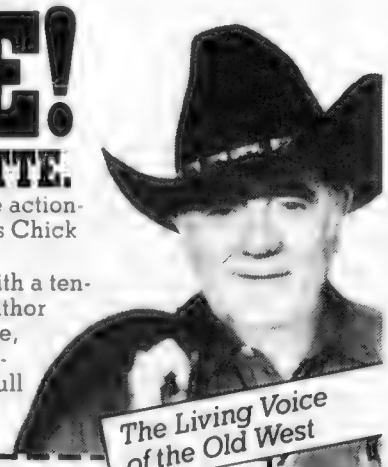

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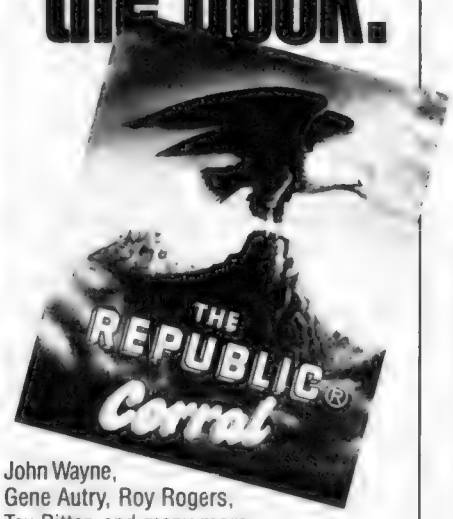

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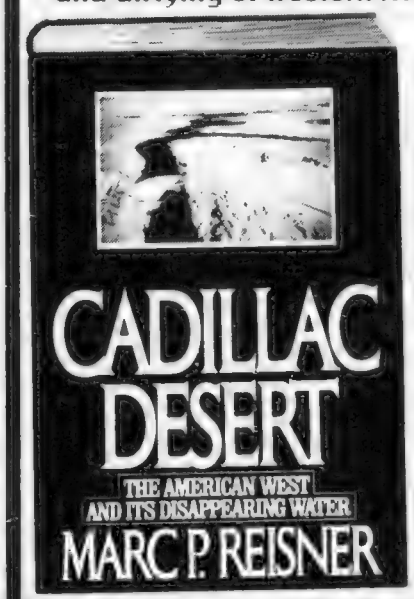

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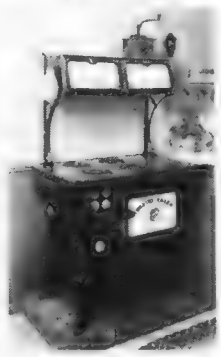

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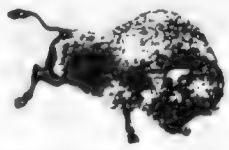

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2451 May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year—*artist Katheryn Williams B.*

1205 Come join a dream of going back to those old-fashioned days...may you have a Merry Christmas in the good old-fashioned way! **A MEMORY OF CHRISTMAS**—*artist Joe Stahley*

May the trail rise up to meet you,
may the wind be always at your back.
may the sun shine warm upon your face,
the snow fall soft on the plains around you
and until we meet again...
may God hold you in the hollow of His hand.

1304 Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year—*artist Gordon Snidow*

3253 Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year (with "Take Time To See", 24-line nature poem)—*artist Ted Blaylock*

2243 Happy Holidays and Best Wishes for the New Year! **THE FRIENDLY ROADRUNNER ON DESERT PATROL**—*artist Ruth M. Lau*

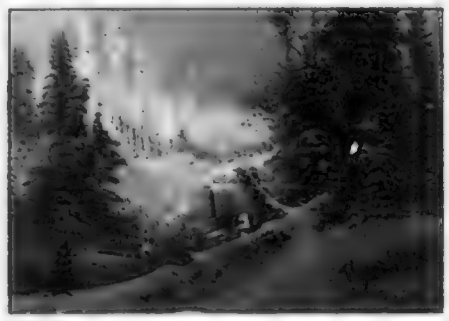
2483 Wishing you all the Peace and Love of this Holy Season (with "...there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God...", Luke 2:13-14)—*artist Beverly Carrick Snow*

1496 May yours be a joyful Christmas and your New Year Happy!—*artist Hildred Goodwine*

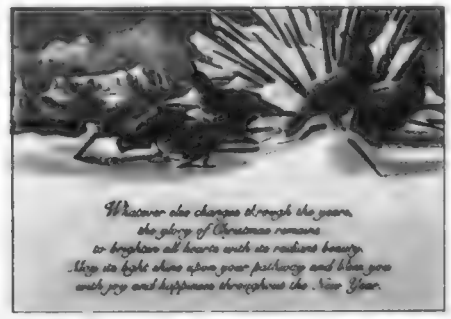
4192 May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year (with "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will towards men." Luke 2:14)—*photo by Fletcher Manley*

2140 Merry Christmas and Happy New Year (with "May your moccasins make happy tracks in many snows and the rainbow always touch your shoulder.)—*artist Lisa Danielle Lorimer*

2144 May you and yours this Christmas Day and every day this coming year be blessed with health and happiness **WHEN GOOD FRIENDS GATHER**—*artist Russ Vickers*

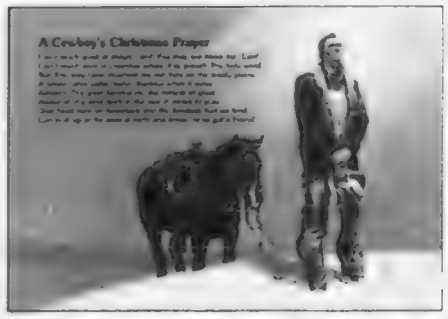


2388 Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year (with "In every home, in every heart...", 4-line poem)—*artist Ted Blaylock*


Whatever else changes through the years,
the glory of Christmas remains
to brighten all hearts with its radiant beauty.
May its light shine upon your pathway and bless you
with joy and happiness throughout the New Year.

3319 **Whatever else changes through the years, the glory of Christmas remains...may its light...bless you with joy...**Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!—*artist Gene Dieckhoner*

2421 Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from our new digs!—*artist Ted Blaylock*



2222 **"A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer"** May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you (with "A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer", 26-line Western poem)—*artist Gordon Snidow*

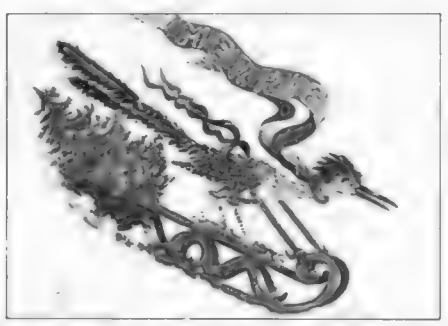
1614 Wishing you all the love and promise that Christmas brings (with "Christmas is but one more word for love")—*artist Paula Butler*

1674 ...and best wishes for a Happy New Year from Our Outfit to Yours **WHOA, HOSS, WHOA**—*artist Vic Donahue*

3368 With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year—*artist Lisa Danielle Lorimer*

1424 May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year—*artist John W. Hilton*

2322 May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you throughout the Coming Year (with "The heavens declare the Glory of God...", Psalm 19:1)—*artist Ruth M. Lau*



3372 May your Holiday Season be merry and bright!—*artist Lucille Martin*

1286 With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year—*artist Paul Salisbury*

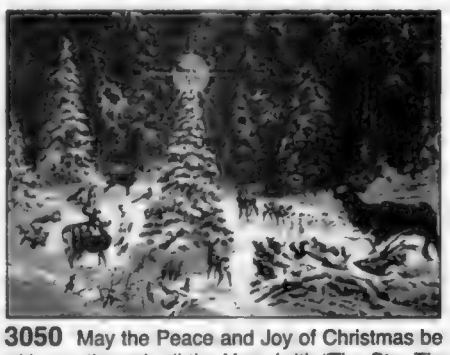
2422 May the meaning of the Season be deeper, its friendships stronger...as Christmas comes to you...(with "A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer" by S. Omar Barker)—*artist Dan Mieduch*

1651 May the warmth and love that is all around us as Christmas time fill your heart with joy... (with "Tidings of Great Joy", 5-line inspirational poem) —*artist Pawnee Indian Brummett EchoHawk*

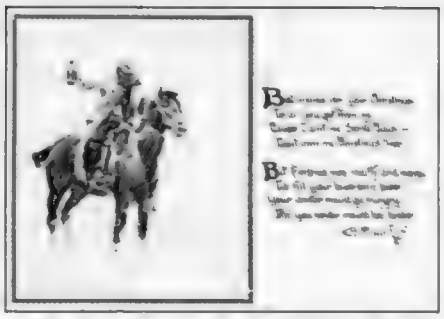
2118 May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, the Gladness...which is Hope, the Heart ...which is Love (with Matthew 2:9, "...and lo, the star, which they saw in the east...")—*artist J. Claflin*

2398 May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside, Peace to your Pathway, and Good Health throughout the New Year—*artist Robert Wagoner*

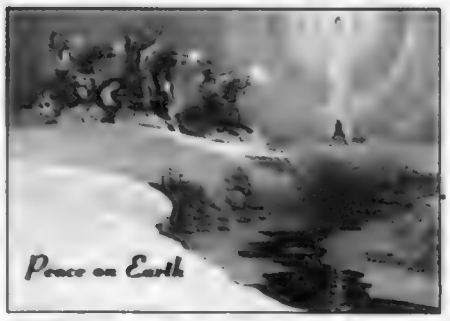
2454 May the Peace and Happiness of the Christmas Season abide with you through all the Coming Year (with 2-line inspirational poem)—*artist Beverly Carrick Snow*



3050 May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year (with "The Star That Stayed 'Til Morning", 7-line inspirational poem)—*artist Garé Barks*



2404 **Best Wishes for your Christmas is all you get from me, 'cause I aint no Santa Claus...** Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—*artist Charles M. Russell*



2225 May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year —*artist Pawnee Indian Brummett EchoHawk*

3375 Merry Christmas and Happy New Year **ROADRUNNER'S CHRISTMAS**—*artist Ruth M. Lau*

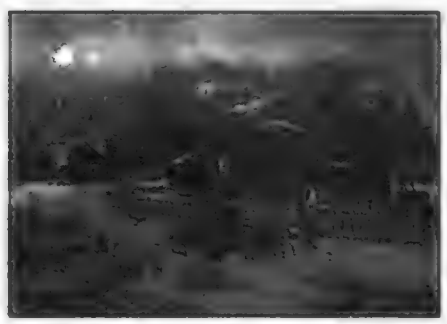
2426 May your Holiday Season be filled with cheer! (with "Twas the night before Christmas, when me and my horse..." 12-line poem)—*artist Boots Reynolds*

1140 May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside, Peace to your Pathway, and Good Health... **THE WONDER OF CHRISTMAS FILLS THE NIGHT**—*artist Bill Shaddix*

1113 Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year• **THE ROADRUNNER AND HIS DESERT FRIENDS**—*artist Ruth M. Lau*

1261 May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you through all the Year (with "When man begins to understand...", 4-line inspirational poem)—*artist Vel Miller*

2431 Wishing you an abundance of the good things in life at Christmas and throughout the New Year **BRINGIN' HOME A TREE**—*artist Dan Mieduch*



2410 Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year (with "In every home, in every heart...", 4-line poem)—*artist Ted Blaylock*

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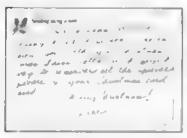

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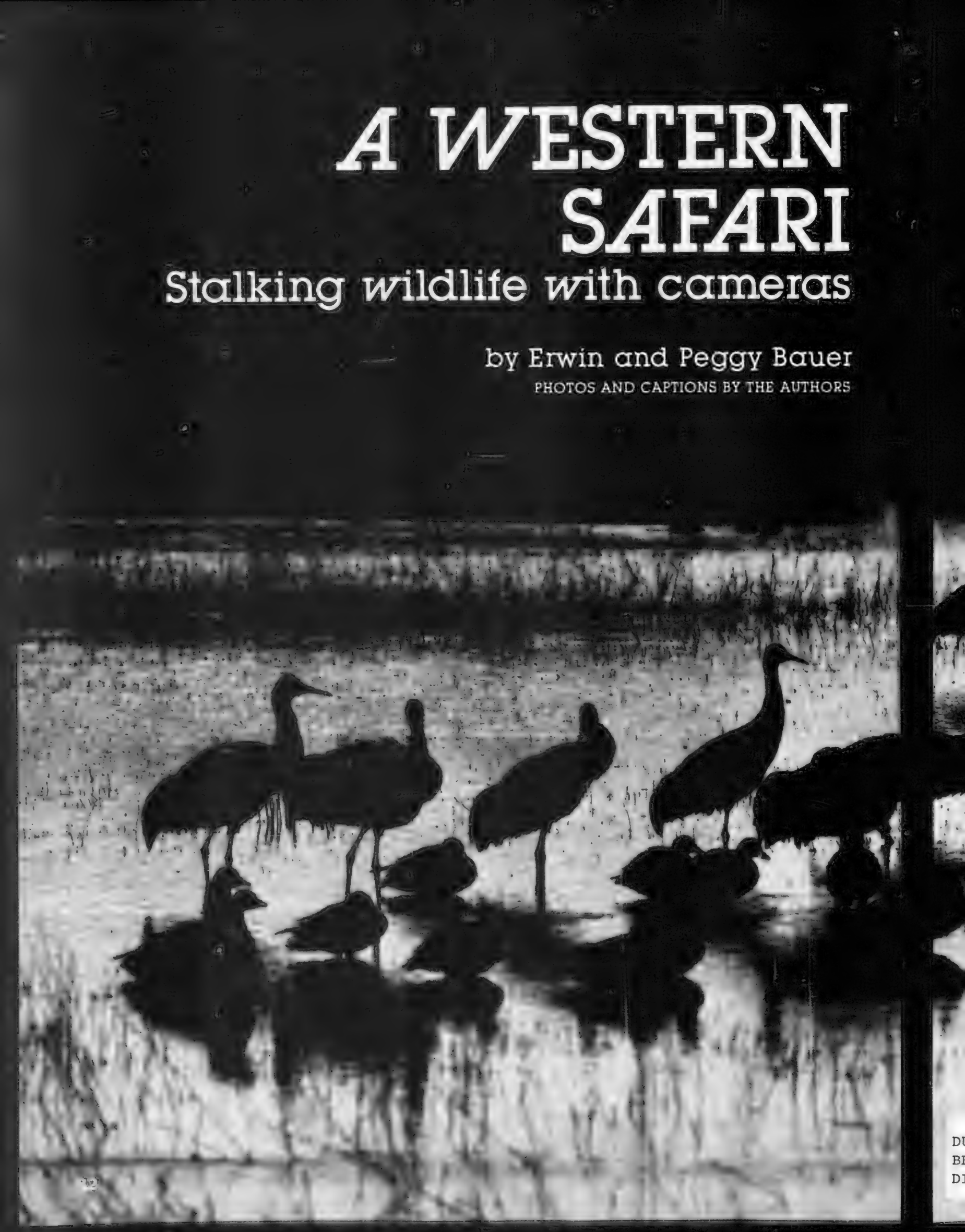
A WESTERN SAFARI

Stalking wildlife with cameras

by Erwin and Peggy Bauer

PHOTOS AND CAPTIONS BY THE AUTHORS



IS EARLY MORNING WE DRIVE SLOWLY SOUTHWARD through Hayden Valley of Yellowstone National Park. Not far beyond Fishing Bridge we encounter bison and hit the brakes when a small herd crosses the road ahead, pausing on the centerline to stare back at us. Further on, a larger band grazes the new green grass of springtime surrounding Mud Volcanoes. Then as the valley widens and the highway climbs high above the Yellowstone River, we overlook a stunning wilderness scene unchanged for many centuries. A herd of hundreds of buffalo is streaming, swimming, splashing across the river toward a meadow. We stop, step out of our van, and begin exposing Kodachrome at an extravagant rate. This is a moment we do not want to forget.

After the last of the bison emerge from the river dripping wet, we notice another dark figure standing motionless near the far bank. In the sharp focus of our binoculars it becomes a cow elk that has just given birth to a damp brown calf. The calf stands upon unsteady legs, trying to reach its first swallow of warm milk. Other travelers along the road stop to watch this rare vignette with us. Then someone notices another animal invading the peaceful scene.

A grizzly bear is slowly working its way, pausing now and then to graze, along a sagebrush bench that overlooks both the Yellowstone River and the elk. Its dark, silver-tipped coat glistens in the low, slanting sunlight. The bruin is moving on a course that will take it very near the cow and the newly born calf.

What follows there along the Yellowstone is a tense half hour or so for men and beasts. A grizzly cannot catch a healthy elk — the cow — but we realize that the calf may not survive its first moments of life. The viewers on the roadside who were chattering noisily a few moments before are quiet now. The

This scene of sandhill cranes silhouetted just before sunrise was exposed at Bosque del Apache National Wildlife Refuge, central New Mexico. Although not so well known as other national treasures, Bosque may be the best place in the American West to watch and photograph great flocks of birds. The refuge is an important wintering area for tens of thousands of snow geese and other waterfowl, accessible by family car via a circuit road.

DUE TO A LACK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTRAST BETWEEN TEXT AND BACKGROUND, THIS PAGE DID NOT REPRODUCE WELL.

bear keeps strolling closer and closer.

The elk and the calf drop down to crouch unseen and motionless in the clumps of sage. It seems almost a miracle when the grizzly passes within 150 feet of them without smelling or otherwise sensing their presence. The gathering of people at the overlook is immensely relieved and starts chattering again when griz finally disappears over a distant ridge. One man says he feels like cheering.

That day in June would have remained memorable for the elk-bear episode alone, but before dusk, when we finally settled down in the Mammoth public campground, we had seen and photographed a memorable list of wild creatures: mule deer and more elk, a moose and bighorn sheep, antelope, trumpeter swans, a coyote, and Canada geese. There are few places on earth where a team of wildlife photographers can fare so well.

Perhaps you've always longed to take a safari somewhere. You want to wallow literally in great numbers and variety of wildlife. The place to go is Africa, right? Eastern or southern Africa, to those sites pictured on PBS and *National Geographic* television specials? The answer nowadays is "not necessarily." We have made many trips (including two in 1985) to all of the major game reserves on the Dark Continent, and to tell the truth, the wildlife is dwindling so rapidly that we may be nearing the end of game there. Consider also the simmering, sometimes blazing, social unrest that subtly threatens all visitors to Africa. So, the best destination for a safari in 1986 is in the American West.

THE NATIONAL PARKS AND SEVERAL OF THE NATIONAL wildlife refuges in the western United States have no equal on earth. The total population of wild creatures in Kenya still may be greater than in the Rocky Mountains, but east African backgrounds, which can be downright dusty and dreary, do not begin to compare with ours. Nothing there can match Yellowstone or Grand Teton or Glacier parks, where even landscapes empty of wildlife are exquisite.

Yellowstone may be the most attractive of safari places, especially on a year-round basis. In spring we go searching for calves, fawns, or lambs on mountainsides where carpets of wildflowers gradually replace the snowfields of winter. This is a glorious time of year in our oldest national treasure. Summer is the slowest season, mostly because the park is congested with tourists, and the animals have retreated to higher elevations. September signals the beginning of the rut for ungulates, the true season of the elk. Great bulls round up harems of cows, often in meadows next to the roads, and their klaxon bugling on frosty mornings is among the most eerie, most penetrating sounds heard in any wild place. More than once in the fall we have listened to the harmonizing of coyotes, almost like an echo of elk bugling nearby.

We live on the edge of Grand Teton National Park (another favorite) and know its Jekyll-and-Hyde personality well. If you start driving or hiking the trails too late on a summer morning, you might conclude that this sanctuary is empty of wildlife. But begin your personal safari as soon as possible

Too few pictures ever really fall into a photographer's lap. But we always keep our cameras handy anyway, and here it paid off. Opossums are seldom seen in broad daylight, and we were startled to find this one in a flowering redbud tree near Petaluma, California. The marsupial posed willingly while we shot many exposures from different angles.

Although the range of the cougar (or mountain lion, puma, or catamount) once extended over southern Canada and most of the United States south almost to Cape Horn, its final stronghold today is in lonely mountain ranges of the West. The tawny cats are so shy that it is possible to live a lifetime in cougar country without ever seeing a wild one. This cougar was photographed near Big Bend National Park, Texas, where the species is doing fairly well.

(Top) ***Among the native creatures of the West, the easiest to spot and approach are the antelope of National Bison Range, Montana. Used to motor vehicles the year-round, many do not stop grazing when a car passes close by. We found this fine buck with a stringer of green summer vegetation hanging from a horn, a result of marking its territory against trespass by other males.***

(Above) ***Any serious wildlife photographer in search of action should seek out the young males of a species. They are always scuffling, challenging, competing. These sibling gray wolves in Denali National Park in Alaska are a good example. In fact they were so serious that they paid little attention to a photography team aiming long focal-length lenses to catch their lively antics. Wolves are tough to find today. Denali offers the best odds for an encounter.***

Ruffed grouse live in many Western mountain sanctuaries. In mid-May, we found this cock "drumming" (to attract a mate or two) on a Douglas fir deadfall, just a short hike from our home on the fringe of Grand Teton National Park. These drummers are easy to locate by the sound, which resembles an outboard motor in the distance. We built a temporary blind and photographed this busy bird for several mornings.

after daybreak, if not before. This is the magic time to find moose browsing flank-deep in beaver ponds and to spot herds of elk out in the open meadows.

Usually we choose midwinter to explore either Grand Teton or Yellowstone. Most of the roads are not plowed and so are closed until May, but all of the large mammals can be found concentrated in just a few "yards," where they somehow find enough food to survive the hunger moon. From mid-December through March, most of these wintering areas are easily accessible by TW Services snow coach, starting from near Mammoth, West Yellowstone, Montana, and north of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. A short safari of a few days (which can include some ski touring) is the best way to see abundant wildlife at close range, against the haunting white background of a Wyoming winter.

An off-season safari to Yellowstone or Grand Teton should include time at the National Elk Refuge on the outskirts of Jackson. From about Christmas through April the biomass here matches that on any African savanna of similar size; every winter 7,000 to 9,000 elk congregate in one great, milling herd. You can circulate right among them by horse-drawn sled, with the Teton Range peaks looming in the background.

The National Bison Range near Moiese, Montana, halfway between Missoula and Flathead Lake, is a secret too well kept. The sanctuary was established early in this century as a last refuge for the American bison, which had declined from six million animals to the brink of extinction. Bison still roam the foothills here over a landscape unaltered except by a convenient eighteen-mile road for visitors. Besides the bison, you can see many antelope, elk, white-tailed and mule deer. The

ideal times for a Bison Range safari are spring and early summer, when the buffalo are calving, or late fall when the days are crisp and beautiful.

A TRAVELER ANXIOUS TO MAKE A SAFARI FOR BIRDS rather than big game might well consider Red Rock National Wildlife Refuge, hidden in a remote corner of southwestern Montana, Malheur NWR in central Oregon, Aransas NWR on the Texas Gulf Coast, Camas NWR in eastern Idaho or, especially, Bosque del Apache NWR in central New Mexico. The last is unique in being not only a most remarkable sanctuary for sandhill cranes, snow geese, and myriad other waterfowl, but the best site for visitors to watch nearby birds from the comfort of a car.

Custer State Park and adjacent Wind Cave National Park in western South Dakota deserve to be on the itinerary of more Americans taking a Western holiday. In both places the resident animals are easy enough to find and rarely too shy to be photographed. As elsewhere, early-bird game watchers are likely to be most successful. North American mule deer, native to the American West, grow nowhere more handsome and sleek than in Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, and along the cool North Rim of Grand Canyon.

One tranquil summer morning in 1985, we left Many Glacier Hotel before daybreak and with light rucksacks full of camera gear and lunch, hiked around Swiftcurrent and Josephine lakes of Glacier National Park to the Grinnell Glacier trail. Not far beyond the trailhead in the first orange rays of sun, we came upon a mule doe and fawn. The two stood and posed for us, almost as if dispatched by central casting. We shot too many rolls of film on the pair before they evaporated into the lush evergreen forest.

A mile or so beyond, well above the deer, we met another of Glacier's wild citizens, a bighorn ram with heavy curving horns. Not so confiding as the deer, it nonetheless climbed onto a low shale ridge where it looked magnificent standing against an azure sky and a glistening ice field. Suddenly, around a switchback, not too far beyond the ram, we stood in the center of a band of mountain goats, nannies grazing and kids gamboling on a steep slope. Again with five thumbs on each hand we started shooting until (though professional wildlife camera people hate ever to admit it) we used up all the film in our packs. We never made it to Grinnell Glacier, our destination. But it was another indelible day in our lives.

Glacier is a super place for a summer safari. Catch that same Grinnell Glacier trail and watch for our goats. Or hike to the overnight lodges of Granite and Sperry chalets where the same goats you meet along the trail may also climb onto the chalet roofs. Or, starting from the parking lot on Logan Pass, take either the spectacular trail to Hidden Lake or along the Garden Wall. No safari anywhere in Africa can match the awesome vistas you will see along the way.

Erwin and Peggy Bauer *are full-time, professional wildlife photographers based in Teton Village, Wyoming. Their recent books include* Wildlife Adventures With A Camera *(Harry N. Abrams),* Photographing Wild Texas *(University of Texas Press), and* Bear In Their World *(Outdoor Life/Stackpole Books).*

The bison of Yellowstone Park can survive the bitterest of winters by keeping close to the hot springs and geyser basins. Their insulated coats crusted with frost on subzero mornings, they resemble creatures from another planet outlined against the steamy background. We made this picture while on a short cross-country ski tour from Old Faithful, where accommodations are available all winter long.

One of the greatest wildlife spectacles in America (or anywhere else) begins each springtime when salmon return from the sea to spawn in the McNeil River, far out on the lonely Alaska Peninsula. Many brown bears assemble to fish and feed on the salmon that collect below McNeil Falls. From an overlooking bluff, we used a 400mm telephoto lens to shoot these 750-pound males play-fighting. A shutter speed of 1/500th second was necessary to stop the fast action.

THE CRAZY CHRISTMAS TREE

Undercover shenanigans scheme a happy holiday on the prairie

by Carrie Young

OLE WAS NOT YOUR TYPICAL AVUNCULAR SORT, ABOUT WHOM A CHILD would say smugly to a friend, "You know, he's my uncle." Just looking at Ole, in fact, put the fear of God into me. His bleary eyes crowding a long thin nose could roll alarmingly up into his skinny head, which frequently shook back and forth with uncontrolled laughter. Loose-jointed and tall, he walked with a curious flat-footed yet swinging gait, and he had an awesome right hand that was misshapen from a bullet wound received in his youth, when he carelessly rested his palm on the barrel end of a loaded rifle.

My mother had come out from Minnesota in the early 1900s to stake out a homestead for herself in northwestern North Dakota. When her brother Ole arrived in 1917, mother was well settled with husband and children. Uncle Ole bought the 160-acre farm catty-corner across the road from us, and although it was comforting on a cold winter's night to look out the window and see Ole's lamp shining through the darkness, mother was uneasy with this arrangement.

Ole had become the *enfant terrible* of the family, even though he was the oldest of seven children born to Norwegian immigrants who settled on a Minnesota farm in the early 1880s. Until he decided to come to North Dakota, Ole never showed any ambition to better himself, but was content to live at home with his parents and hire out occasionally as a farmhand. Not until Ole was in his early thirties was he persuaded by a misguided companion to take his first drink of *brennevine*. This instantly opened up to the previously sober Ole a life of such gay camaraderie in one saloon after another that he regretted ever after that he had misspent the early years of his adulthood, ignorant of life's real pleasures. My mother already had three children and another on the way; she felt that she had enough responsibilities without taking on the job of warden to her forty-eight-year-old brother. But she baked his bread and washed his clothes and cleaned his house whenever she could no longer stand the sight of it.

At least once a week Ole's spring wagon and handsome pair of sorrel draft horses, which he purchased with proceeds from his first wheat crop, could be seen tied to the hitching post in front of the pool hall of one or another of the nearby towns. Ostensibly pool halls, they were actually saloons. When Ole went to town, he was lured into the saloon like the sailor to the Sirens. Because he wanted to be clearheaded on Sunday morning to go to church, the steeple of which was clearly visible from the front room of his house, Ole liked to stay at home on Saturday. He always had my mother launder his white Sunday shirt. Sitting on the hard, backless, church bench with his arms crossed against his chest, Ole would listen to the minister warn of the perils of drinking in illegal saloons and getting into the wrong kind of company, raising his chin thoughtfully up in the air as his face became creased with solemnity. Every now and then he would roll his eyes and look from side to side and suddenly clear his throat with a great guttural, "Arrumph!" As a church elder, one month out of the year he took his turn as sexton, coming early on Sunday morning to fire the furnace and ring the great bell in the tower, its peals reverberating for miles in every direction over the rolling prairies.

The church was hard put to meet operating expenses, even though it shared the minister with three other rural churches in the area. One year when the Christmas season rolled around, the elders discovered that the coffers didn't hold enough even to buy the tree that was traditionally set up in the church for the children's program the Sunday evening before Christmas. The wheat crop had been poor the previous autumn, and money was scarce; the program would have to go on not only without a tree, but without treats for the children.

Ole brooded over this sorry state of affairs. He was fond of children, although he always managed to frighten them with his rolling eyes and uncontrolled laughter. The day before the program, fellow church elder Thomas Walstad dropped in to see him. The giant of the neighborhood at well over six feet, Thomas had an awesome appearance that was enhanced by a head of luxuriant ruddy hair going grey and a phenomenally long beard so thick it rested on his chest like a bush. Thomas was also fuming mightily at the thought of such a threadbare Christmas for the children.

As they sat at Ole's kitchen table talking and drinking coffee, Thomas suddenly struck a mammoth fist on the table and shouted, "It shall not be!" Impulsively he turned his pockets inside out, scattering coins across the table. Caught up in the drama, Ole instantly emptied his own pockets. They counted their change and decided they might, just might, have enough money to buy a small Christmas tree. Jumping into Ole's spring wagon, they drove the sorrels to town and quickly discovered that the only Christmas tree left was a nine-foot fir leaning against the front of the hardware store. Their hearts sank; they could never afford a tree as large as that. But since they were there, they decided to ask.

The hardware dealer said that he was unable to sell the tree because it was much too tall to fit in anyone's house. Now he was stuck with it, he lamented, and if Ole and Thomas would be good enough to take it off his hands, he'd let them have it for pocket money. For so little pocket money, in fact, that they had enough left over to buy candy and oranges for the children. Ole and Thomas jubilantly loaded the tree on the spring wagon, and on the way home, as giddy as if they had stopped by the saloon, they concocted a delicious scheme.

They hid the tree in Ole's barn and spent the remainder of the day making popcorn garlands to festoon its branches. Ole popped the corn and Thomas, who was handier with a darning needle, threaded the long strings. Neither of them had ever done this before; the women had always done it. They groaned and swore as they burned and pricked their fingers. Darkness had fallen by the time they finished the garlands; so they loaded the tree back in the wagon and drove quickly to the church. Parking the wagon and horses snugly behind the building and using only a small lantern with the wick turned down low, they managed to get the tree into the church and set up beside the pulpit. Then they went into the cellar and rummaged around like two moles until they found the box of antique Christmas ornaments that the congregation had collected through donations over the years.

Fearful that someone would drive past and see a light, they set the lantern on the floor behind the pulpit, turning it down until it was almost extinguished. They frenziedly looped the popcorn garlands around the tree and hung the ornaments in the semidarkness. Then they quickly got into the wagon and drove stealthily home.

Next evening when the dozen families in the community arrived at the church for the children's program, they were consternated to find the church not only dark but locked. This could not be. Never in the history of the church had it ever been locked. Pandemonium broke loose in the churchyard, men shaking their heads, women chattering, children crying, and horses stomping. Where was Ole? December was his month to be sexton; it was his job to come early to fire the furnace and light the carbide lamps in their sconces on the walls. Then someone noticed that the windows had suddenly lit up, and a great shout was heard. "Come in!"

Finding the door unlocked, everyone rushed into the church, and men, women,and children stopped dead in their tracks. At the front of the church, in the eerie light of the carbide lamps, stood the weirdest Christmas tree they had ever seen. Incredibly skinny and tall, reaching for the rafters, it looked as if it had been decorated and then hit by a sudden windstorm. The popcorn garlands hung haphazardly in great loops from the branches; the crystal balls, wooden figurines, and other ornaments were wildly askew, as if they had been aimed from several feet away and had landed at random. The treetop angel was hanging by its stomach from the highest branch, its snowy wings outspread as though it were trying to take flight.

As the congregation gazed, hypnotized, out from behind the pulpit sprang two figures, one tall and the other impossibly tall, wearing winter overcoats and four-buckle arctics. The giant was rumbling and shaking his long beard back and forth like an outsize St. Nicholas, and the other one was rolling his eyes up into his head and laughing outrageously. *"Gledelig jul!"* they shouted. "Merry Christmas."

It was one of the most joyous Christmases the community had ever experienced, and each year afterward the story of Ole and Thomas and the crazy Christmas tree was told. Born three years after these heartwarming happenings, I grew up hearing the legend of this happy Christmas.

COURTESY THE AUTHOR

Ole Gafkjen and bearded Thomas Walstad delighted children and adults with their jolly tree, ornaments and popcorn strings hung hugger-mugger on its spindly branches.

Carrie Young, *whose parents homesteaded in North Dakota in the early 1900s, is writing a book based on her childhood on a prairie farm in the '30s and '40s. She won the Ohioana Library Association's Florence Roberts Head Memorial Award in 1982 for her book* Green Broke *(Dodd, Mead), the account of her adult life on an Ohio farm, where she still lives.*

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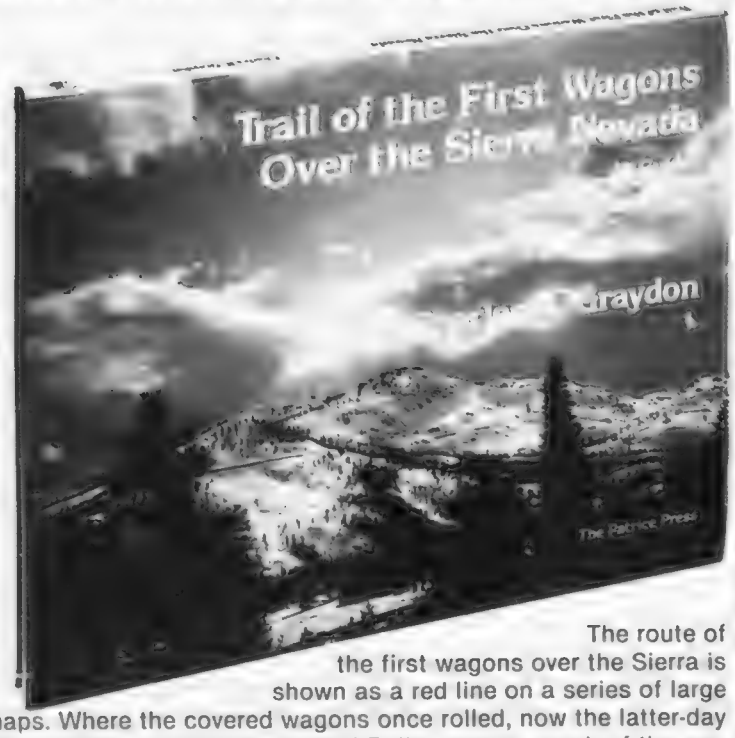

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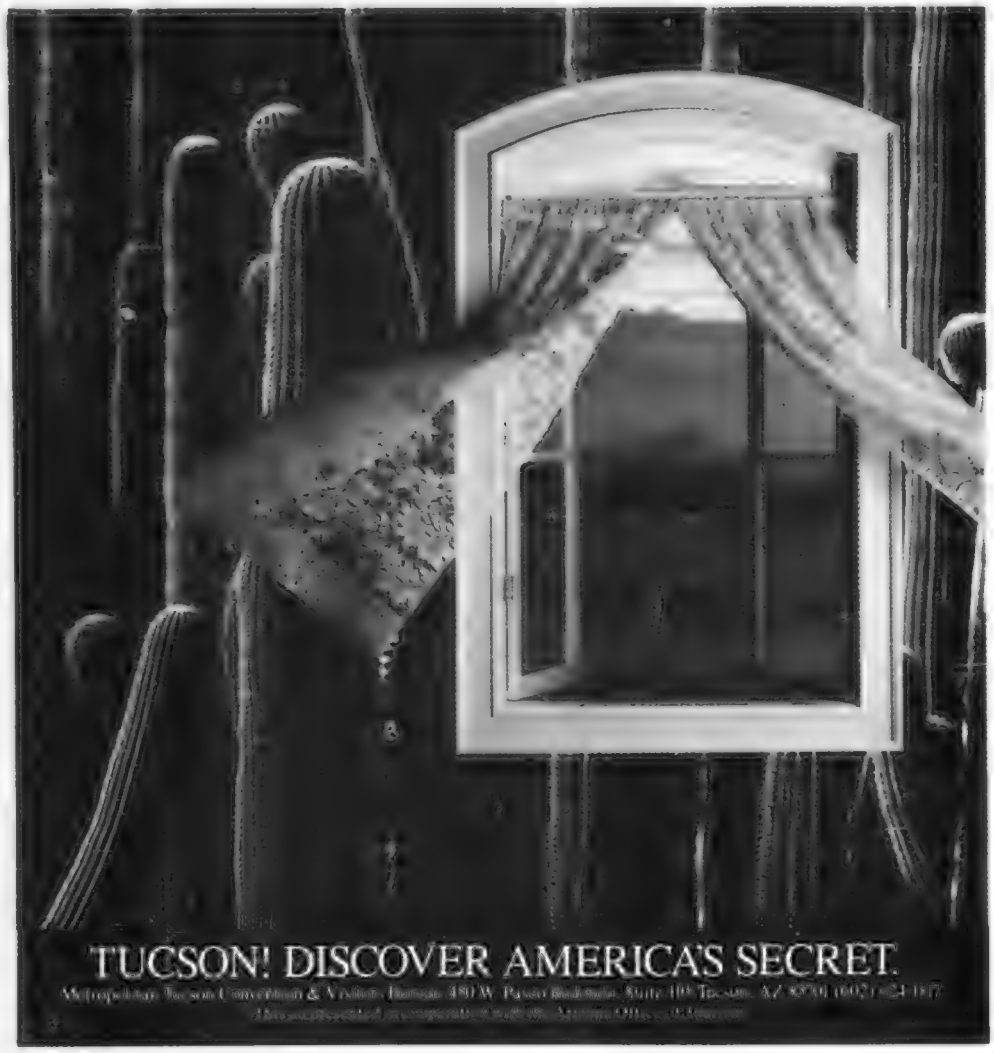

American West QUIZ

Wranglers, Rustlers, and Roundups

Q: Why were cowboys sometimes called "cow punchers"?
A: Cowboys who drove the Texas herds to railhead markets in Kansas often used long poles to prod cattle into the railroad cars, an act that earned them the nickname cow punchers.

Q: Who was the "cattle king" of Colorado, and what cowboy wearing apparel did he refuse to don?
A: Cattle baron John Wesley Iliff, who came West with $500 in the 1850s, eventually became known as the cattle king because of his huge ranching interests, which sprawled across much of Colorado. Iliff was known throughout the state as a man who never wore a gun.

Q: What was a "little Mary" on a cattle drive?
A: A little Mary was the driver of the calf wagon, a vehicle taken on some cattle drives to transport newborn calves.

Q: Why were unbranded cattle called "mavericks"?
A: According to the most popular theory, a South Carolinian named Samuel A. Maverick moved to Texas in the 1830s, acquired a large herd of cattle and neglected to brand the animals. As his unbranded cattle roamed over the Texas prairie, they became known as maverick cattle—a term that eventually applied to all unmarked cattle.

Q: When Abel Head "Shanghai" Pierce, a self-made millionaire cattleman from Texas, learned that no rooms were available in the Arkansas hotel he visited one year, how did he react?
A: He wrote a $15,000 check for half-interest in the hotel, evicted one of his guests, and checked into one of his newly purchased rooms.

Excerpted from The Old West Quiz and Fact Book *by Rod Gragg. Copyrighted © 1986 by Rod Gragg. Used by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.*

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MY PECULIAR, AMBIVALENT RELATION WITH THE ISland of Guam—America's westernmost possession, 3600 miles beyond Hawaii—began more than forty years ago, to be exact at 8:30 A.M., H-Hour, on July 21, 1944. As a sergeant with the Third Marine Division, I was in the first wave to wade ashore on Guam's Asan beachhead to take back the island from the Japanese who had seized it from the United States right after Pearl Harbor.

The awful memories of the battle could never be erased. Many close friends were killed or wounded crossing the reef, pouring out their blood in the shallow, greenish water. Others died among the shattered coconut trees on the narrow beach or on the exposed cliffs and ridges that rise up toward the island's interior. For a month, Guam was a hellhole of tension and combat—a violent montage of pillboxes, caves, flamethrowers, banzai charges, mortar explosions, jungle fighting, and the sickening odor of unburied bodies. The peanut-shaped island was only thirty-two miles long and from four to eight miles wide, a total of 212 square miles. But there was nothing good to say about it. Its recapture cost more than 7,000 American and 17,000 Japanese casualties.

When the combat ended in mid-August, we went into training camps for the next operation, and Guam cast a different spell over me. We marched along its quiet dirt roads

LOOKING FOR FINEGAYAN

by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

A Marine returns to Guam

On a recent sunny day on Guam, our author Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., gestures toward Asan Point, which was the right flank of the Third Marine Division beachhead when Americans attacked Japanese forces holding the island on July 21, 1944. Ex-Marines Josephy and Cyril O'Brien are standing on the beach where they came ashore under heavy fire that grim morning over forty years ago. The lagoon and beach were crowded with various landing craft, while larger ships stood in deeper water outside the reef. The photo clearly shows how exposed the invading Marines were to Japanese fire.

into exquisitely peaceful areas untouched by the fighting, past languorous, thatched-hut villages, aflame with hibiscus, bougainvillea, and plumeria. We bivouacked among papaya and breadfruit groves and on coral beaches beneath moonlit cliffs and were lulled to sleep by surf pounding on reefs and warm winds rustling the fronds of coconut palms. With the disappearance of an enemy and the fear of sudden death, I fell in love with the island. Gradually, I acquired a new overlayer of memories—now of a tropical paradise of which dreams were made.

At one time, our camp was in a jungle clearing near a road junction and a hamlet known as Finegayan. Perhaps because it was Christmastime, the location came to exemplify in a vivid, lasting way my clash of contradictory emotions. It was an Eden-like spot among flame and ironwood trees, banana palms, and stands of bamboo. We festooned the soft needles of the ironwood with toothpaste tubes, cigarette carton labels, and other colored materials to make them into Christmas trees, partied with food packages from home, and listened to records of Jo Stafford singing such haunting wartime songs as "I'll Walk Alone," coming through the camp's loudspeakers from the Armed Forces' new radio station on the island. The moon was full, and the setting was like that of a Somerset Maugham story or a Dorothy Lamour movie. And yet the Japanese had once ambushed us on that site, killing a lot of our men, including popular PFC Frank Witek, who was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously for holding off the enemy while we temporarily withdrew. In addition, it was the only place during the entire war where I had sighted an enemy clearly enough to aim my M-1 directly at him, squeeze the trigger, and with my heart pounding see him jump in the air and fall dead. On both scores, the romantic and the horrible, Finegayan endured for me as a place I could never forget.

During the same period, I began to feel a proprietary interest in Guam. Tens of thousands of other troops—Army, Navy, and Air Corps—poured onto the island, building roads, airfields, and other installations. Admiral Chester Nimitz arrived from Hawaii to make Guam his forward headquarters, and giant B-29s, commanded by General Curtis LeMay, took off from the new airfields, as well as from neighboring Saipan and Tinian, to bomb Japan, 1500 miles to the north. And yet *we* the Marines had been the first ones back on Guam. *We* had waded ashore and retaken the place. Somehow, the island seemed *ours*, not theirs. It seemed almost to belong to *us*; it was our home.

Our special relation with the native population—some 24,000 handsome, easy-going islanders—heightened the feeling. Known as Chamorros, they are descendants of the original Micronesian inhabitants and of Spanish and Filipino troops who had occupied Guam for several centuries before America acquired the island in the Spanish-American War of 1898. The Japanese had treated the Chamorros harshly and angered by their continued loyalty to the United States, had herded them into miserable concentration camps in the jungle, where some of them died of disease and malnutrition. I was with a group of Marines who liberated one of the camps. The people threw their arms about us, and many of their young men, eager for revenge, joined our outfits as scouts during the rest of the fighting. At times, the Marines and the Chamorros were almost like one family. One of the young men, Felix Wusstig, with heavy brows and the powerful build of a prizefighter, became my warm friend. The Japanese had raped his sister. A few days after we freed her from one of the concentration camps, she died. After that, Felix went often into the boondocks on his own, looking for enemy and notching the stock of his rifle every time he killed one.

EARLY IN 1945, I LEFT GUAM WITH THE THIRD DIVISION for our next operation, Iwo Jima, and from there I went back to the States, grateful to have come through the war. As the years went by, the star that drew me to the American West and made me cherish that part of our country tugged at me, also, to go back to the Pacific. But the only place I wanted to revisit was Guam. The Solomon Islands, where we had been before Guam, were rank jungle, steaming heat, and malaria, and Iwo was only black, volcanic sand and rock. Guam, however, had that strange medley of lures—many of them painful memories, to be sure, but also idyllic remembrances of an exotic island that had been my home and seemed to belong to me, and of friendly, unspoiled Micronesian people to whom I would always feel linked. Moreover, Guam was an American territory—the end of the American West—in a way still in an island frontier stage. I had an urge to know what had happened there.

And so, recently, a small number of us, all Marine veterans, got together and taking along a few family members, flew back to Guam. As we landed at the island's big, modern airport at 4:40 on a humid, drizzly morning, my stomach tightened. I knew that, like the airport, there would be many changes, but as my mind raced with memories, I worried how great and how obliterating of all the past they would be.

Thanks to advance arrangements by one of our party, we were met in the terminal by a jaunty, forty-nine-year-old Chamorro, John C. Benavente. He had been only seven years old in 1944, but he informed us proudly that he had fought in Vietnam, was retired from the regular U.S. Army, and was currently Administrator of the Guamanian government's Veterans Affairs Office. Sporting a long, elegant mustache and dressed like a jogger in brief khaki shorts and a blue tanktop, he hustled us through the pre-dawn darkness to a waiting bus and snapped us immediately into the present by taking us to a familiar all-night Denny's fast-food restaurant that stood on a strip near a McDonald's and a doughnut shop. While we breakfasted at Denny's on Chamorro omelettes of sausage, chili peppers, onions, jack cheese, and mushrooms, he brought us further up-to-date.

The population of Guam is now 105,000, he told us, but only a bit more than half are Chamorros. About twenty percent are Filipinos, mostly brought under contract to work on Guam; a smaller number are Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, and other Asians; and the rest are U.S. military-connected personnel, principally Navy and Air Force, whose heavily guarded bases, storage depots, and support facilities occupy about half of the island. Ever since World War II, Guam's strategic position

After securing an area on Guam, the Marines set up a Public Relations Office in a palm-thatched Japanese shelter. Standing, left to right: Harold Smith from the **Chicago Tribune**, *Gray Herriott,* **Morning Herald** *of Sydney, Australia, and our author Sergeant Alvin Josephy, Marine Corps combat correspondent. Seated in the doorway: Captain Raymond Henri, Marine Public Relations Officer, and behind him Staff Sergeant Francis Barr, a Marine combat correspondent.*

As the Marines gained control of the island, they freed Guamanians who were held in concentration camps by the Japanese. Here, Marines offer transportation to a group of all ages carrying their possessions as they leave the camp where they were incarcerated.

U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

facing the Asian mainland has made it one of the world's most heavily militarized islands, with five airfields and a huge naval base. Even the civilian airport where we landed was leased from the Navy, which uses half of it as a Naval Air Station.

Until 1950, the Navy ruled Guam. Then it was turned over to the Department of the Interior, which still administers it as a territory. The people elect their own governor and a one-house legislature, are American citizens, pay income taxes, and send a nonvoting member to Congress. But the U.S. Constitution does not apply to them, they have no constitution of their own, and they cannot vote in national elections. In many ways, their real bosses are the Secretary of the Interior, the Department of Defense, and the Congress.

It grew light outside, but it was still too early to check into the rooms at our hotel, and John had planned some early-morning sightseeing for us. Denny's was in the narrow geographic waist of Guam near Agana, the island's capital and only commercial center, and our tour aboard the bus took us there through a scattering of small, awakening suburbs. Some were trim, with nicely kept modern homes and shopping malls, but others, including Agana itself, were mainly clusters of nondescript houses, service stations, stores, restaurants, and business structures—low buildings of tile, assorted lumber, cinderblock, concrete, or corrugated steel, covered with brightly painted, big-lettered signs, and with unlandscaped grounds. John reminded us that in 1944 we fought over and leveled much of this part of the island, totally destroying the original Agana with our naval shellfire and artillery, and that every building now standing was erected after our departure. Nothing was familiar; nothing was recognizable.

Driving down a six-lane highway, we ran into bumper-to-bumper, rush-hour traffic, and the scene of honking, lane-shifting cars reminded us of mornings in dozens of small cities on the mainland. "The military took away a lot of our best agricultural land, and most of our civilian population has now crowded into this narrow, central part of Guam and become urbanized," John explained to us. "We're all very dependent for jobs on the federal and Guamanian governments and the service businesses that are concentrated at Agana."

At the same time, with a start, I became aware of something unexpected—an overwhelming Japanese presence. There were Japanese night clubs, sushi bars, and restaurants, Japanese boutiques, jewelry and merchandise shops, Japanese car-rental and tour agencies, Japanese insurance and financial institutions, and seemingly everywhere, storefront signs and glaring advertisements written in Japanese. I asked John about it.

PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THE LONG DISTANCE FROM THE United States and the military and government red tape, Americans just haven't invested here," he said, "but the Japanese have. They've come in here big. For example eighty to ninety percent of all cars on Guam are Japanese made. The Japanese also own almost all the main hotels, and they're building up a big industry of packaged tours from Japan. Almost 300,000 tourists—eighty-five percent of all visitors to Guam each year—are already Japanese, and the

number is growing. We're only three hours by air from Japan."

"Sounds like they won this island, after all," one of my companions on the bus growled.

"Not quite," said John. "But their tourism is a major part of our economy, and that's why you see so much addressed to them in their own language." In comparison, he told us, fewer than eight percent of Guam's tourists come from Hawaii or the American mainland.

Leaving the central part of the island, we headed across a high, limestone plateau that forms the northern half of Guam. It is still covered with a dense, matted jungle through which we pursued the retreating Japanese to their final resistance in 1944. The thickly overgrown countryside is almost uninhabited and save for the paved roads that now lead through it, looks very much the way we remembered it. Suddenly, the vegetation opened up, and we came on the huge clearing of the Andersen Air Force Base, which engineers bulldozed out of the jungle for General LeMay's B-29 bombers during World War II. Enlarged since then, it spreads across much of northeastern Guam. The Strategic Air Command's only bomber base outside the continental United States, it is now a key, front-line element in America's national defense.

John had arranged for us to be shown through the installation, and at the main gate a hospitable Air Force officer came aboard our bus to guide us. The base was a thriving, almost self-sufficient enclave, with homes, apartmentlike complexes, and almost every necessary facility for more than 4,000 military personnel of the 43rd Strategic Wing, a weather reconnaissance squadron, and other units, some 700 government civilian workers, 300 private contractor employees, and 5,000 family dependents. Since World War II, the generations

Two Marines lower a wounded buddy in a Stokes stretcher down the side of a cliff after the banzai attack on Banzai Ridge above the beachhead. The pulley was rigged up to get casualties down to the beach. On Banzai Ridge the Third Marine Division was pinned down for several bloody days after the invasion.

Another group of Guamanians flee a concentration camp after the Japanese retreat, heading for the safety of Marine lines. The young man wearing a cap and riding a carabao is Francisco Cruz. Like a number of Guamanians, Cruz became a scout for the Marines, helping to defeat his former oppressors. He still lives on Guam and attended a picnic with veterans of the Third Marine Division when they recently visited the island.

U S MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

that have served there with their successive B-36s, B-47s, and B-52s have been involved in so much postwar history that our battle for the island has receded into ancient memory. Dignitaries from all over the world use the base as a rest and refueling stop between Hawaii and Asia. Just recently, the deposed Philippine president, Ferdinand Marcos, paused there briefly before departing for Hawaii. President Ronald Reagan was expected shortly on his way to Indonesia and Japan. During the Vietnam War, Andersen was a base for bombers attacking Southeast Asia, and we stopped to view a highly visible memorial, not to men who had bombed Japan, but to planes and crews that had been lost on missions over Vietnam. History was still occurring: Farther on, we passed a long, ominous line of black, low-slung B-52s, part of the base's present-day deterrent force of intercontinental bombers that, fitted with nuclear-tipped cruise missiles, maintain a round-the-clock, cold-war patrol from Alaska to Australia and the Indian Ocean.

Interesting as it all was to us, we could feel little identity with what we were seeing. Like the present-day Agana, it is not our Guam. As we left the base, passing large tank-farms of jet fuel and a variety of other huge planes (including KC-135 in-flight refueling tankers, modified C-130 weather reconnaissance craft, and monstrous C-141 and C-5 airlift planes), we asked John if we could visit some recognizable place where we fought, or at least bivouacked. Remembering the glorious beaches under the cliffs, I asked if there was one nearby. John knew just the place, and we started down a winding, unpaved road to the island's northern coast. When we rolled out at the head of a broad, sandy beach, I had a moment of excitement, recognizing the location as a place where we once camped. But it, too, had changed. Among the coconut trees are parking places and public lavatories. A favorite recreation site for air force personnel, it is not open to the public.

We decided that wouldn't stop us, but no one wanted to swim. So, we got back in the bus and again asked John to take us to one of our own historic sites. We were going to see our beachhead the next day, he told us. I suddenly thought of the place where we were ambushed and later spent Christmas. "Where's Finegayan?" I asked. He looked puzzled. "I'll take you to Yigo. That's on the way to your hotel."

The name was familiar, but it turned out to be the site of the last Japanese command post on Guam, and it was taken not by us, but by army troops of the 77th Division who came ashore and fought up the island on our right flank. Down the end of a coral road in a clearing surrounded by a dripping-wet bamboo forest, the once-hidden location had been converted into a Japanese-run South Pacific Memorial Park, with a white, red-trimmed Japanese shrine or chapel, a resident Japanese priest or caretaker, a pristine, white, forty-five-foot-high monument representing a figure praying for eternal peace, and interpretive signs in Japanese with rough English translations.

IT WAS NOW MIDMORNING, AND AS WE ROLLED UP TO the parking lot, we saw crowds of Japanese tourists and worshippers coming and going in tour buses. The best known and most visited memorial to the fighting on Guam, the little park, John explained, symbolizes determination by Japan and the United States to promote friendship and seek world peace. But we were the only Americans there, and it struck us that to the visiting Japanese, it is in reality a memorial to the bravery and sacrifice of the Japanese defenders. In a network of tunnels dug into a limestone hill, Japanese General Hideyoshi Obata made his last stand in August 1944. United States Army engineers sealed the bunker's entrances with 400-pound blocks of explosives. Four days later, they unsealed the tunnels and found everyone dead.

It seemed obligatory that most Japanese tourists who visited Guam should stop by this shrine. We stood with some of them in respectful silence at the mouths of the tunnels, and felt a oneness with them. There was no sense of hostility. In the humanity of the moment, all my feelings of 1944 drained from me, as if I no longer cared to find places with which I could identify. These were people like myself. Our troops had died, and theirs had died, and the battle sites belonged to both of us. As we left and drove finally to our hotel, I knew that a change was coming over me about Guam, though I wasn't sure what it was.

All the large, tourist hotels are concentrated along a single beach at Tumon Bay, north of Agana. As John had told us, most of the hotels are operated by Japanese and are filled with Japanese tourists, many of them honeymooners and chicly dressed young couples. Our rooms and hotel facilities, including the beach, a pool and poolside bar, and wide choice of restaurants, bordered on the luxurious. The excellent, moderately priced food was a mixture of American, Micronesian, Continental, and Japanese. My favorite restaurant specialized in delicious sushi and sashimi, with fish flown in daily from Japan. At night, the smartly dressed Japanese couples sipped drinks at candle-lit tables around the poolside bar or danced for hours in the hotel's lively discotheque. To those in our party, sitting at one of the outdoor tables, listening to the rock-and-roll music, war-time Guam all but vanished that evening.

It reappeared the next morning when John drove us south of Agana to the Asan beach where we landed in 1944. As we parked and got out of the bus, I seemed oddly to feel no emotion. There was the reef I had waded across, there was the narrow stretch of sand I hugged with mortar shells falling around me, and there were the cliffs and ridges up which we fought. But the shallow water was now quiet and peaceful and looked like that of any other reef, the coconut trees had all grown up again on the beach, a noisy highway lined by buildings paralleled its length, and a Mobil service station stood at the foot of the cliffs, obscuring the place where we took so many casualties. A little museum, the headquarters of the War in the Pacific National Historical Park, administered by the National Park Service, stands alongside the road on the left flank of our beachhead, precisely where I came ashore. From the outside, it looks like a store, but inside, it is filled with photographs and mementos of the fighting.

A young Chamorro woman staff member seemed happy to have us stop by. The Park was established in 1978 and consists of seven geographically separated areas on the island where key actions occurred in 1944. But we heard again that because

U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Beneath a U.S. flag quickly attached to a crude pole, members of the Third Marine Division occupy a trench position in their campaign to retake Guam in 1944. Fierce fighting resulted in a heavy toll of lives on both sides. The broken and dried tropical undergrowth testifies to the intense bombardment, as do the trees stripped of their leaves and branches.

of the expensive air travel and the distance from the continental United States—thirteen hours' flying time—there are few American visitors to the battlefields. As a result, John told us, Congress and the National Park Service in Washington have shown little interest in providing funds to maintain and develop the different historic sites. Some of them, unmarked and without trails, are on lands that are still privately owned, and are largely inaccessible to the general public. Others have only the barest of interpretive signs to tell visitors what happened there. Even the museum is temporarily housed, waiting for money for a more appropriate structure. "There's been real neglect," John said. "Maybe guys like you can pressure someone to do more for the Marines who fought here."

The feeling of neglect was underscored when we took a road that led to the top of the ridges, looking directly down on the entire beachhead. This was the location of the main Japanese line of resistance, and we could see with a shock the perfect view they had of us as we struggled across the reef and tried to climb up to them. The ridges and their reverse slopes had been pocked with entrances leading into bunkers, tunnels, and caves where the Japanese hid during our pre-landing bombardment that burned the ground almost bare of vegetation. Then the Japanese came out to pin us down on the open hillsides and launch counterattacks and banzai charges against us. For days, the rugged slopes were the scene of the hardest fighting on the island. There we took most of our casualties, and there, at last, we finally broke the enemy's principal defense.

ON TOP OF THE HILL, WHICH WE CALLED BANZAI Ridge, Admiral Nimitz built his headquarters after the island was secured, and his home is still used by the Naval commander on Guam. We stood outside it, looking down at the slopes, now covered again with jungle growth and savannas of tall swordgrass. Though the Park Service intends to develop the area, putting in trails and interpretive signs, nothing is yet done. The sweeping scene recalled vivid memories, and I tried to make out where our flamethrowers and demolition teams worked and where we slung a pulley line for a stretcher to get our casualties down to the beach. But, again, I had trouble identifying with the historic site. The noise, the smoke, the cries of "Corpsman!" and the sweaty, tired Marines were gone. Now, it's just a ragged, overgrown hill, empty and silent.

That evening, John showed up with a number of old-time Guamanian scouts who served with us after we freed them from the concentration camps. It was a joyous reunion. Now mostly in their sixties, with greying hair, they arrived at our hotel in cars driven by their wives or grown children and surprised us by treating us to a Chamorro barbecue dinner of chicken, fish, red rice, shrimp, yams, and taro cooked over a grill on a nearby beach. I recognized one of the men by his injured hand, paralyzed by a cut tendon when he wrestled a sword away from a Japanese officer during the fighting. At the same time, I was saddened to learn that my old friend, Felix Wusstig, would not be there. He died two years ago.

Our party was joined by Colonel Justin K. Miller, commander of the 300-member Marine detachment on the island, and his executive officer, Lieutenant Colonel Rick Green. The small Marine complement on Guam serves as a security force for a communication station, a magazine, and other Naval installations. We talked little about World War II, but the two officers and the Guamanian scouts intrigued us with descriptions of the island's present-day attractions. Guam, we learned, is a paradise for nature lovers, whose hikes along the coast or into the rugged interior are known as "boonie stomps." The reefs and waters around the island are also outstanding for scuba diving, wind surfing, and deep-sea fishing. "There's enormous potential here," said Colonel Green, who comes from Portland, Oregon. He told us that when he retires from the Corps, he plans to settle on Guam with his family and build a 300-boat marina. "We need one here," he assured us.

The following day, we left war-time Guam behind us and took the coastal road around the southern half of the island. It was the part of Guam where no fighting occurred, the area of small, thatched-hut villages and idyllic tropical gardens that won my love for Guam during our training marches after the battle. There are changes here, too, but not so many, and though the region no longer bears the marks of a nineteenth-century Pacific paradise, isolated from the contemporary world, it is still languorous and beautiful. The small towns have grown into country retreats and vacation sites for people who live around Agana, and there are hidden beaches, picnic grounds, and bars with names like Jeff's Pirate Cove for service personnel and construction people who frequent the area in sports cars and pickups on weekend outings or shorter periods of liberty. But this is the better Guam, brought somewhat up to date, that had long clashed with my memories of combat. Returning to the central part of the island at evening, it was apparent that the south was the Guam of tomorrow, still only sparsely occupied and unspoiled.

On the way to the hotel, John had the bus detour somewhat farther north and then stop suddenly in a scruffy-looking area of a few board shacks and fields of weeds. "You were looking for Finegayan," he said to me. "I discovered that it was wiped out by bulldozers during the war and hasn't existed since then. But it was someplace right around here."

I got out and looked around. I thought of the ambush, of Frank Witek's heroic death, of the Japanese soldier who jumped in the air when I shot him, and of our Christmas camp, with Jo Stafford's singing. I recognized nothing. Everything was strange and different. "There is no Finegayan," I heard John say.

Getting back in the bus, I returned to the hotel and ate sushi.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., *landed on Guam with the Weapons Company of the 3rd Infantry Regiment of the Third Marine Division. A book of his wartime reminiscences,* The Long and the Short and the Tall, *was published by Knopf in 1946 and has been reissued recently by Zenger Publishing Company. Josephy is best known for his many books on American Indians and Western American history. His most recent contribution to* AMERICAN WEST *was "Andy Warhol Meets Sitting Bull," January/February 1986.*

WHEN YOU GO

PHOTO BY A. M. JOSEPHY III

Marine vets O'Brien and Josephy show a delighted Jesus Uncango his picture in a group photo of Guamanian scouts taken in 1944. At that time, Uncango was sixteen years old.

At present, the "War in the Pacific National Historical Park" consists of seven geographically separated units where some of the major fighting occurred on Guam. To get maps and orientation, as well as view a twelve-minute audiovisual summary of the battle, it is best to start at the Park visitor center on Marine Drive near the village of Asan, west of Agana. If you wish to write ahead for material, the Park's mailing address is P.O. Box FA, Agana, Guam 96910.

Not all seven Park units are developed or easily accessible. When completed, the Asan Beach unit, where the visitor center is located, will be the primary area. Lying between Asan and Adelup points, the unit consists of 445 acres of reef and 109 acres of beach where the Third Marine Division landed under heavy fire. Both points were fortified, and remains of Japanese defenses are still visible. From Asan Point, where fishing, picnicking, scuba diving, and snorkeling are permitted, one gets a good view of the reef and the Japanese-held hills that greeted the Marines as they came ashore.

Directly opposite the beach, across Marine Drive, the Asan Inland unit encompasses the cliffs and hillsides up which the Americans fought. Covered today with jungle and swordgrass, the area is still filled with gun emplacements, pillboxes, foxholes, and other reminders of the fighting. But there are no facilities yet for the public, hiking is difficult, and danger still exists from the presence of ammunition, mines, and hidden explosives in the Japanese-used caves. Another area, the Fonte Plateau unit atop the hills, where the Japanese command was centered during the first days of fighting, is not yet open to the public. But from a road on the eastern perimeter of Nimitz Hill, one can see the concrete entrances to the command post's tunnels that were dug into the hill.

West of Asan, on a ridge above the village of Piti, a small Park unit contains three Japanese 5.6-inch coastal defense guns that commanded Apra Harbor and the Piti Naval Yard. Though this area, too, is undeveloped, a fairly easy hike leads to the guns, which apparently were never fired and are in good condition.

South of Apra Harbor, the Agat Park unit marks another invasion beachhead established by the First Provisional Marine Brigade and the 305th Regimental Combat Team of the 77th Army Divison. Still being developed, the cleared areas at Gaan Point, now a popular picnic and recreation site, contain Japanese defensive positions and guns. Above Agat, the steep slopes of Mount Alifan comprise another Park unit. Though the area is covered with foxholes and other signs of the fighting, there has been no development, and access is difficult. In high country farther north, a final unit includes an unimproved trail along a ridge between Mounts Chachao and Tenjo, where more fighting occurred. Still privately owned, the property is not open to the public, although hiking along the trail, which provides excellent views of Guam, is permitted.

Scattered elsewhere on the island, as well as on the reefs and offshore, are many other remains of the battle, including wrecked planes and ships, tanks, Japanese midget submarines, and guns of various sizes. Not to be missed are the site of General Curtis E. LeMay's Twentieth Air Force headquarters, now a grassy field northwest of the community of Dededo, and the South Pacific Memorial Park in Yigo, where the Japanese had their last command post.

For information on these sites and other things to see and do on Guam, write for packets of literature and maps, including the pamphlet Guide to Guam's World War II Sites, *to the Guam Visitors Bureau, P.O. Box 3520, Agana, Guam 96910.*

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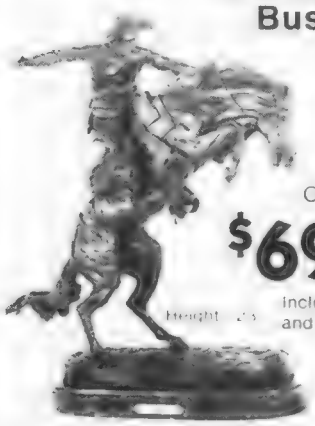

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FANTAIL GEYSER PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

New Geysers Gushing at Yellowstone

Old Faithful has some new neighbors in Yellowstone, two young upstarts that moved in last spring and began their own dramatic display of spewing steam and scalding water. The discovery of new geysers is "very rare," says Yellowstone National Park research geologist Rick Hutchinson, excited about the recent geothermal wonder. Jan Hutchinson was the first to spot the new gushers during an April 6 drive with her husband and two friends.

Christened Fantail, the larger new geyser shoots jets of steam and water every seven to nine hours as high as fifty feet, while its smaller cousin, Ouzel, occasionally shoots off up to heights reaching ten feet. The Firehole River's spring runoff temporarily quenched Ouzel's fire, but the irrepressible little geyser began spouting again when the waters receded.

Hutchinson speculates that the geysers were triggered by a series of earthquakes that shook the region during the fall of 1985, most intense at a point between West Yellowstone, Montana, and Madison Plateau in the park. The jolts may have caused a heat shift in the series of natural joints that underlie the geyser basin area in the park, activating Fantail and Ouzel. The geysers arose out of preexisting hot springs, a condition never before observed according to Hutchinson.

There's no telling how long Fantail and Ouzel will be around. Says Hutchinson, "Each geyser has its own personality because it has its own plumbing. A geyser will probably continue erupting unless there's a major change in its plumbing."

Oregon's loaf affair. A weighty debate between Oregon bakers and the state department of agriculture has arisen over whether slender loaves of bread called baguettes are legal, due to a recently discovered 1919 Oregon law declaring that commercially sold loaves of bread must weigh fifteen ounces or more. For years the statute was apparently remembered only by certain bakers, who dutifully resisted temptation and produced only legitimate loaves of at least fifteen ounces. Then along came a batch of baguette-selling bakers, seemingly unaware that they were breaking the law by turning out eight-ounce loaves to a baguette-deprived populace. Unfair! cried Oregon's law-abiding bakers, unearthing the 1919 dinosaur. After some deliberation, the agricultural department decided that the statute should be changed and opted to turn a blind eye to the illegal loaves until the issue is resolved during the 1987 session of the state legislature.

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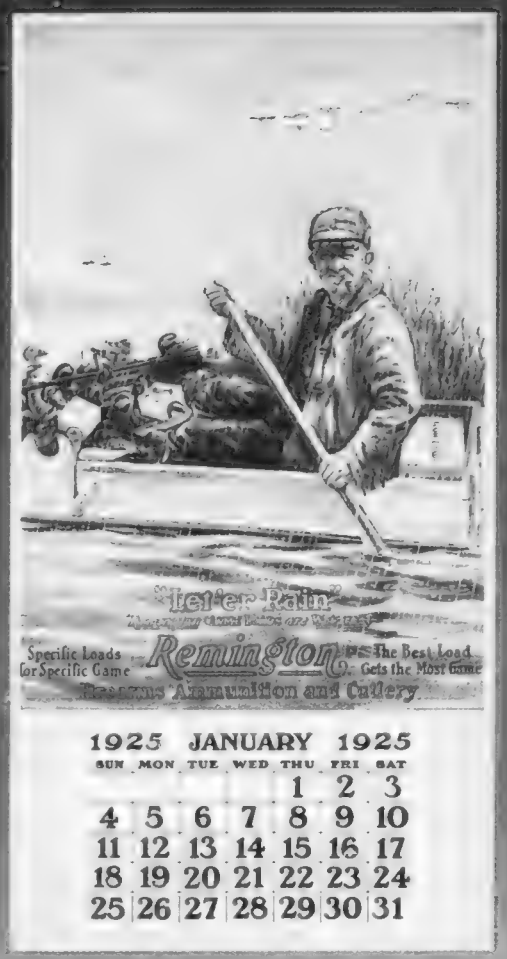
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Comeback for Columbia River fish. Last spring was a bumper season for returning Columbia River Chinook salmon and steelhead trout, thanks to a serendipitous combination of hard work and mother nature. Salmon and trout runs have been severely threatened by the intrusion of mining, logging, construction, and hydropower projects into their environment. To compensate for these intrusions. screens and conduits were installed at dams by the Bonneville Power Administration to help young fish bypass churning turbines, and salmon and trout are being raised in hatcheries. Increased water flows are being released during peak migration periods to speed the fish along.

According to spokeswoman Sharon Blair, the BPA has also been working on a program nicknamed "fish and chips," which entails injecting a small glass-encased computer chip and antenna into captured fish before their downstream journey. The tags transmit preprogrammed signals when the fish pass through special pipes placed in conduits at the dams. By reading the signals, scientists can quickly and easily monitor the progress of migrating fish and coordinate the release of water with migration fluctuations.

The Army Corps of Engineers has also had a hand in bringing back the salmon and trout populations with their ongoing program of barging fish downriver and releasing them into the Columbia below the westernmost dam. Mother nature has played a large part, too, in the fishes' comeback: increases in precipitation and meltwater have sped up the flow of water, helping the fish avoid predators and reach the ocean sooner. Although salmon and trout populations have yet to reach their splendid numbers of the 1800s, their future looks brighter every year.

The rapid surging of Hubbard Glacier in southeast Alaska has sealed off Russell Fiord, transforming the inlet into what may now be the world's largest glacier-dammed lake. Fed by the tributary Valerie Glacier, which is surging at an even more rapid rate, Hubbard Glacier is gradually encroaching upon Disenchantment Bay and may eventually overwhelm the larger Yakutat Bay. Valerie Glacier gains up to 130 feet a day, while ice calving at the terminus of Hubbard removes about fifty feet of ice a day as bergs break off into the water. Both glaciers lie in Wrangell St. Elias National Park, but Hubbard is surging into the Russell Fiord Wilderness Area in the Tongass National Forest.

Although scientists don't understand exactly why glaciers surge and retreat, USGS glaciologist Larry Mayo speculates that Hub-

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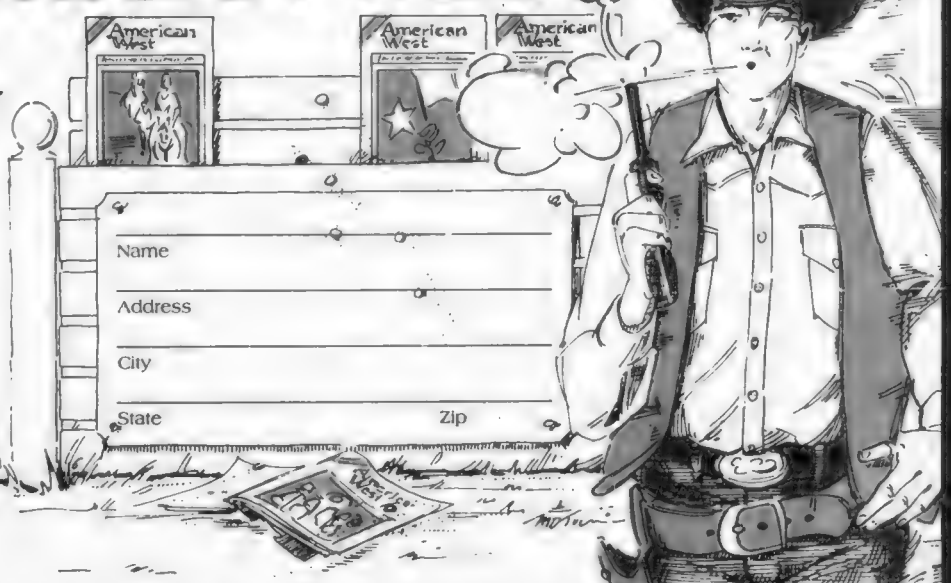

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bard Glacier may be going through a 1,000-year cycle. The massive body of ice has been advancing slowly since 1900, increasing dramatically to its present pace during the winter of 1985–86. Mayo estimates that about 800 years ago, Hubbard extended all the way down to the mouth of Yakutat Bay and may do so again in several hundred years. The residents of Yakutat can rest easy at night for the next few centuries, with no fear of awakening to a mass of glacial ice blocking their front door, but the saltwater fish and wildlife inhabiting what is now Russell Lake are most likely doomed, as oxygen levels in the water decrease.

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY ANGELA SIMON

Biggest cockroach in Texas. Texans are famous for doing everything in a big way—big cars, big houses, big steaks—but big cockroaches? Last July 11, to drum up publicity, Busy Bee Pest Control owner Michael Bohdan sponsored a biggest-cockroach-in-Texas contest in Dallas. Three telephone clerks for Southwestern Bell in Dallas rounded up the grand-prize winner by stunning it with bug spray. The creepy crawler measured 1.92 inches, small compared to its four-inch Central and South American cousins, but a fair size for *Periplaneta americana*, the American cockroach. The three women who garnered the $1,000 prize were reportedly raising a three-incher named Homer on sugar water and peanut butter, but he went belly up before the contest took place.

Word of the big roach contest reached Sally Love, curator of the Smithsonian Institution's Natural History Museum insect zoo in Washington, D.C. At this writing, Love planned to place the multilegged winner on temporary display along with the zoo's other living insects, but since roaches live for only a few months, the plans may have fallen through. The big roach from Dallas is also scheduled to appear on several national talk shows.

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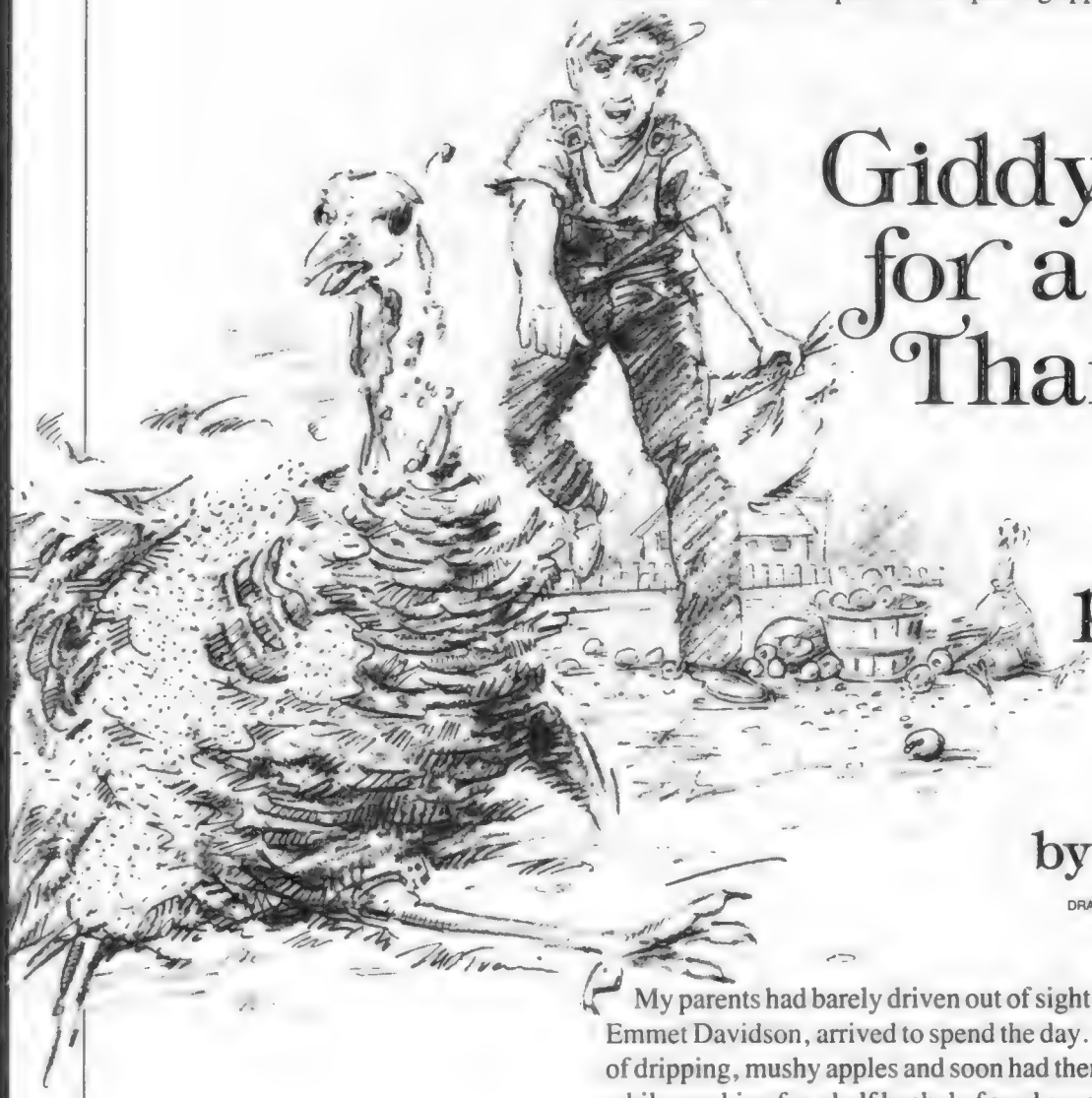
A FEW DAYS BEFORE THANKSGIVING DAY IN 1898, MY PARENTS CLIMBED UP on the high spring seat of our lumber wagon for the drive to Almena from their Norton County, Kansas, farm to arrange for the sale of three dozen of their turkeys. Before leaving, Papa instructed my seven-year-old brother, Jessie, and me to carry several bushels of rotting, late summer apples out of the cellar. We were to deposit the apples in the yard, where Papa could bury them or load them in the wagon and haul them to a dump. That fall Papa was so busy harvesting grain that he had no time to dispose of the spoiling apples earlier.



Giddy Gobblers for a Kansas Thanksgiving

Farmboys' panic spawns a barnyard crisis

by Earl Elezar Harris

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY MARK D. TUCCI/BLUE HORSE PRODUCTIONS

My parents had barely driven out of sight when two neighbor boys, Frank and Emmet Davidson, arrived to spend the day. The four of us began carrying out buckets of dripping, mushy apples and soon had them piled in the yard. A few weeks before, while reaching for a half bushel of seed corn, I had spilled some of the corn into the apple bin. We noticed the turkeys scrambling over the pile of apples and corn, but thought nothing strange about it. They had ravenous appetites and devoured everything edible within their reach. We went to play.

When we came back to the yard, several of the big, healthy turkeys, of which my parents were so proud, were stretched out on the ground apparently dead. Others were staggering and reeling, about to topple over. It looked to me as though they were dead or dying, and I became terrified. Mama was counting so much on the sale of those birds. From the time they were hatched, she cared for the helpless little creatures with great patience and untiring devotion, feeding them milk curd by hand and sheltering them from predators. Those turkeys were her project. She made a real success of raising them, losing not a single turk that hatched. Now that she was about to reap the results of her months of effort, we just could not fail her.

Faced with this awful catastrophe, with no one to turn to for counsel or advice, I realized that since I was the eldest at nine years of age, it was up to me to do something without delay. I remembered Papa telling me that when a fowl was warm, its feathers could be plucked easily, but after the bird got cold, the feathers would set; so, I decided that we must pluck as many turkeys as possible before they lost their body

heat. Mama might then still be able to sell them. We all started plucking turkeys. I warned the boys to be careful not to tear the skin, for that would make the birds less salable. We soon found that the wing and tail feathers were difficult to pull; so, we confined our efforts to plucking the body feathers. We worked frantically to get as many plucked as possible before they became cold.

One big gobbler, struggling to survive, reeled back in a sitting position with his head drooping limply and finally rolled over on his side, passing out right before my eyes. Nearly all of the flock was expiring, and we could do nothing to prevent it.

SOON IT BECAME EVIDENT THAT WE COULD NEVER HOPE TO PLUCK ALL THE turkeys; so, we concentrated on the largest ones. The biggest birds died before the smaller ones anyway. We were making pretty good progress, but as I straightened up to look over what we had accomplished, my heart sank, for even the best-plucked ones looked unfinished. Many still had patches of feathers on their bodies, and the feathers around the edges had not been touched.

At this point, as if to add another element of horror and despair to our plight, we heard the sound of the wagon turning in at the gate. We hurried from the yard and scurried out of sight. Jessie and I hid in the barn loft, where we could see everything that transpired.

The shocking scene that greeted Mama and Papa was unbelievably bad. That big gobbler, the prize of the flock, that I had taken special pains to finish off best, staggered directly into the path of the team and would have been trampled if Papa hadn't stopped the horses in time.

Now I was faced with another dilemma. How in the world did that gobbler come back to life? This was as much a mystery to me as his death.

Mama and Papa just sat there on the wagon seat in bewildered astonishment. Their gaze wandered from the awkward ghost of a turkey that blocked their way to the rest of their demoralized flock. Some were floundering helplessly, others were lying prone. Finally their attention returned to the prize spectacle, the gangling gobbler in front of the team. His body was bare; behind his head at the top of his long neck was a ring of feathers; on his breast was a clump of feathers resembling a cravat; above the joint at the lower end of the leg was a garter of feathers.

Several other birds were robbed of their feathers, too, but the majority were untouched — we just could not get to any more. Every turkey that was on its feet seemed to be in a daze, with a giddy, vacant look on its face. My suspense was almost unbearable — the possibility that all those birds might come to life was terrifying.

Finally Papa, who was blessed with an abundant sense of humor, broke into irrepressible laughter, and then Mama, too, began to laugh. Now was the time to make our appearance. Mama climbed down from the wagon and threw her arms about us as we approached. She lost no time in advising us that the situation posed serious problems, regardless of their laughter.

Both parents observed that the turkeys had cleaned up the pile of apples along with the corn that was mixed in, and though I was baffled, they seemed to find a satisfying answer. Those turkeys were drunk on fermented apples and corn.

The market in town had agreed to take all the turkeys the day before Thanksgiving Day. Since we had no refrigeration, my parents had planned to butcher the birds the day before delivery. They were to be dressed out and ready for the oven, but now the naked ones could not endure the cold nights; so, we decided that they must be butchered at once.

But what about the partly plucked ones? Mama had an idea. She found an old wool sweater and after measuring and fitting, came up with pajamas for the most needy of her forlorn wards. Despite their tribulations and our trials, all the living turkeys walked forth next morning as bright and chipper as though nothing had ever threatened their young lives. All reached the Thanksgiving dinner table fully dressed and fit for a king.

Earl Elezar Harris traveled by covered wagon with his family from Pueblo, Colorado, to the Kansas prairie in 1892.

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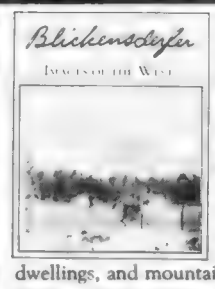

Clark Blickensderfer's renown came as a result of his impressionistic, soft-focus images that depicted the diverse moods of the West. His subjects included birds in their natural habitats, Indian pueblos, cliff dwellings, and mountains. During the 1920s, Blickensderfer exhibited with Laura Gilpin and Edward Weston.

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Spirit Song: The Visionary Wisdom of No-Eyes *by Mary Summer Rain (The Donning Company/Publishers, Norfolk, Virginia, 1985; 156 pp., paper $7.95).*

The venerable No-Eyes, a blind, elderly Chippewa woman, and the author share a magical season together as No-Eyes teaches Summer Rain about the old ways of Indians and the Great Spirit. Heartwarming and inspiring, the story tells how Summer Rain learns about her Shoshoni heritage, discovering step by step the power of the spiritual world over the physical. The key knowledge No-Eyes imparts to Summer Rain is the importance of listening to the voice within oneself.

The Interstate Gourmet: Texas and the Southwest *by Barbara Rodriguez and Tom Miller (Summit Books, New York, 1986; 232 pp., illus., index, paper $6.95).*

Beat the fast-food highway blues and carry Rodriguez and Miller's palate-pleasing guide on all your southwestern road trips. Local culture and good-tasting, well-cooked food come through at places that dish up spicy chile relleno, Texas-sized flavorful steaks, or a decent ham-and-eggs breakfast. Clear directions ease travelers off the highway and into colorful oases ranging from Mexican cafes to truck stops to fine restaurants.

The Chief: Ernest Thompson Seton and the Changing West *by H. Allen Anderson (Texas A&M University Press, College Station, 1986; 375 pp., illus., index, biblio., notes, $35.00).*

Ernest Thompson Seton, naturalist, artist, author, and one of the founders of Scouting, admired and emulated American Indians and their regard for the wilderness. Anderson's intriguing biography portrays a cultured, talented man who opposed the growing urbanization of America and felt that the country's youth should look to the Indian way of life for moral guidance. Seton devoted his life to encouraging respect for the wilderness and Indian culture through his artwork, writing, and his "Woodcraft" youth camps.

Theodore Roosevelt: Wilderness Writings, *ed. and intro. by Paul Schullery (Gibbs M. Smith, Inc., Salt Lake City, 1986; 292 pp., paper $5.95).*

Teddy Roosevelt possessed an abiding interest in wildlife and the American wilderness. In these fourteen essays, Roosevelt expresses his love of animals, from big-horn sheep to passenger pigeons, and reveals his skill as a naturalist. Though an avid hunter, Roosevelt was in favor of wilderness preservation, as his pieces on the national park service and bird reserves show. His keen eye and talent as a storyteller vividly reproduce the excitement and beauty of his adventures in the wild.

Winchester Commemoratives *by Tom Trolard (Commemorative Investments Press, Plano, Texas, 1985; 183 pp., illus., index, $49.95).*

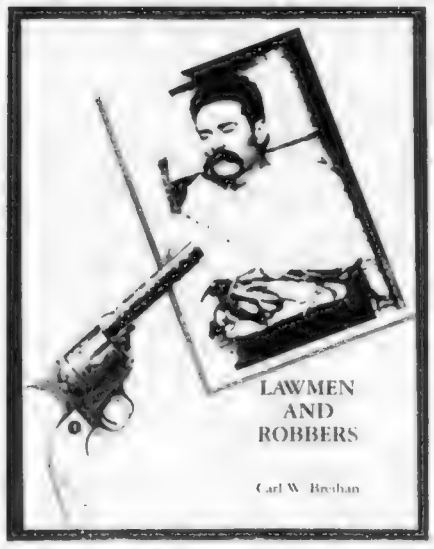
From the Buffalo Bill Carbine to the Oklahoma Diamond Jubilee, exquisitely engraved and decorated guns fill the pages of this complete pictorial collection of Winchester commemoratives. Each gun is shown in full color, displayed with its original shipping and ammunition box. Lists of important information and specifications accompanying each model make this a valuable reference guide for collectors.

Lands of Brighter Destiny: The Public Lands of the American West *by Elizabeth Darby Junkin (Fulcrum, Inc., Golden, Colorado, 1986; 244 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $13.95).*

Written by a native Westerner, this stimulating book alerts us to the incredible natural resources our country possesses in its public lands and to the fact that they are exhaustible. Addressing the options available, Junkin encourages everyone concerned about preserving our public lands for the benefit of future generations to look at the land as more than just a commodity for the present.

On The Mesa *by John Nichols (Gibbs M. Smith, Inc., Salt Lake City, 1986; 193 pp., illus., $14.95).*

Venture out on a New Mexico mesa with John Nichols and discover the powerful beauty that lies in the seeming barrenness of the stark Southwest. The familiar style of the narrative draws the reader into the community of animals, people, and plants that are part of the mesa. While praising the contemplative peacefulness that the natural world of the mesa evokes, Nichols bemoans the inevitable conflict between civilization and wilderness in a technological age.



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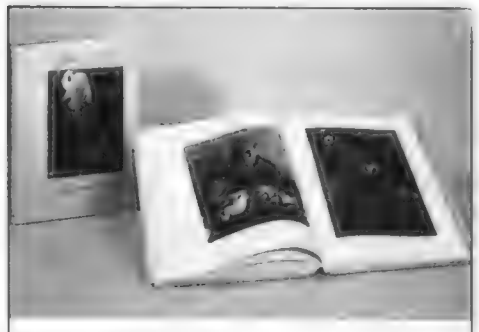

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On Foot in the Grand Canyon: Hiking the Trails of the South Rim *by Sharon Spangler (Pruett Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado, 1986; 212 pp., illus., biblio., index, maps, paper $11.95).*
Spangler offers a personal tour of the trails covered in her handy, detailed, and readable guide to the south rim area. Chronicling eight hikes which she has taken through different areas of the south rim, Spangler provides topographical maps and trail information in a narrative format that takes the reader along the cactus-lined paths and spectacular cliffs. Through Spangler's experiences, we learn about the "dos" and "don'ts" of Canyon trekking and of the exhilarating feeling that comes from exploring the Grand Canyon.

Don Coyote: The Good Times and the Bad Times of a Much Maligned American Original *by Dayton O. Hyde (Arbor House, New York, 1986; 245 pp., illus., $16.95).*
As an Oregon rancher, Hyde takes an unusual stance in his eloquent defense of the coyote, a stance that many of his sheep-owning neighbors disagree with. During his years working the land and raising cattle, Hyde has come to respect the coyote and his ways, realizing the benefit of using natural predators to control pests like mice. His amusing, moving tale of how he formed a friendship with the coyotes on his land casts a new light on the often-misunderstood wily coyote.

The Hopi Photographs: Kate Cory: 1905–1912 *by Marnie Gaede, Barton Wright, and Marc Gaede (Chaco Press, La Cañada, California, 1986; 164 pp., illus., biblio., cloth $35.00, paper $19.95).*
Photographer Kate Cory entered into the realm of Hopi life to a degree unheard of for a white woman in the early 1900s. In this beautiful book, her soft-toned but focused black-and-white photos capture every aspect of Hopi living, showing them shucking corn, spinning yarn, and performing religious ceremonies. Cory's images have a magical quality that transports the reader into the mysterious rites and everyday chores that are part of the Hopi culture. Interesting excerpts from various historical observations on the Hopi accompany the photos.

The Life and Times of James Willard Schultz (Apikuni) *by Warren L. Hanna (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1986; 396 pp., illus., index, biblio., $24.95).*
Indian and frontier life as James Willard Schultz, or Apikuni, knew them are vividly revived in this biography of the great writer of Indian tales. An eastern-educated young man who fell in love with the wilds of Montana and

married an Indian girl, Apikuni became a national champion of Indian rights and a renowned writer of Indian adventure stories. Hanna's fascinating book on Apikuni's long, eventful life is also a history of the development of the West and the decline of the Indian way of life.

1986 Northwest Mileposts: Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Southwestern Canada, *ed. by Martin D. Waters (Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Edmonds, Washington, 1986; 496 pp., illus., index, paper $12.95).*

If touring the Northwest is your goal, then this magazine-format guide is the ticket to ride. Chapters devoted to the major highways alert travelers to natural and historic attractions along the routes, like Hell's Half Acre or the Big Hole National Battlefield, as well as pointing out excellent fishing opportunities. Guides to the major cities and the area's beautiful islands are also included, along with many scenic color and black-and-white photographs.

Max Brand: Western Giant: The Life and Times of Frederick Schiller Faust, *ed. by William F. Nolan (Bowling Green University Popular Press, Bowling Green, Ohio, 1986; 175 pp., biblio., notes, cloth $21.95, paper $9.95).*

Essays by friends, relatives, and admirers of Frederick Faust, alias Max Brand, provide insight into the man who wrote Western classics like *Destry Rides Again*. Editor Nolan has compiled lists of Faust's remarkable output of fiction, nonfiction, and verse, written under various pen names. Faust was fascinated by Greek and Roman literature and mythology; these warm, personal tributes reveal among other things how Faust translated that fascination into the rough-and-tumble world of the cowboy hero.

Geology of the Great Basin *by Bill Fiero (University of Nevada Press, Reno, 1986; 212 pp., illus., index, cloth $22.50, paper $14.50).*

Excellent color and black-and-white photographs illustrate Fiero's highly readable introduction to the geology of the Great Basin. The fascinating story of how the basin and range landscape was formed by earthquakes, volcanic activity, uplift, and erosion is clearly explained, with the help of maps and charts. A description of basic geologic vocabulary and concepts helps the uninitiated understand better the complex processes that form mountains such as the Sierra Nevada and sculpt the face of the earth.

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Enjoy Rocky Mountain Fun at Telluride's Historic Sheridan Hotel

by Susan J. Vreeland

Deep in a valley in the San Juan Range of the Colorado Rockies, the New Sheridan, a stately, square, brick hotel, stands sentinel over Telluride. In 1895 when the hotel was red-brick new, its guests were awakened every morning by the racket of 1,000 pack mules heading down Main Street for the mines. Telluride had exploded overnight into a gold-and-silver mountain metropolis with twenty-six "never close" saloons, four dance halls, 175 ladies of the evening, two newspapers, two banks, several churches, a brewery, a mill, and numerous miners' rooming-houses, but only one substantial hotel.

In the lavish New Sheridan, thirty rooms surrounded a balcony lit by a skylight. The mirrored dining room, with an overhead, brass-railed musicians' gallery for a string quartet, was legendary throughout the state. Velvet-curtained booths were equipped with phones so diners could call for service and not be interrupted by waiters. In the lobby saloon an Austrian cherry-wood bar was flanked by calfskin wall-covering.

Anything of significance in the town happened in or in front of the New Sheridan. In 1889 Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch rode past the hotel, making a successful getaway from their holdup of a local bank. On July 4, 1903, William Jennings Bryan (a perennial

presidential candidate) delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech in favor of free silver from a platform in front of the Sheridan. Men on the street below cheered, while women, denied access to this hero of miners, cried in the hotel hallways.

By 1907 the New Sheridan was gloating over its technological advancements—steam heat, electric lights, and telephones in every room. In 1914 the Sheridan Opera House was added to the hotel, bringing a touch of culture, vaudeville, and the new silent movies to the remote mountain town. With a Venetian painting on its roll curtain, crystal chandeliers, brass appointments, and velvet-curtained box seats, it was a jewel of a theater. Removable seats allowed the Opera House to double as a dance hall and an arena for prize fighting.

Still, the New Sheridan didn't always run smoothly. Once a heavy downpour washed out the tracks of the Rio Grande Southern Railroad, creating a mud slide that filled the lobby to the eight-foot mark and swept the table away from a man eating in the dining room. A mule train that left for supplies over the treacherous but grand Lizard Head pass returned days later bringing only kegs of beer. New Sheridan guests were either furious or delighted.

Telluride experienced a decline when gold and silver mining slowed during World War I, and state prohibition caused the bars to close. During the Depression, the town population dwindled to 500. Though the Opera House closed for nearly forty years, the hotel and town survived. Miners still pulled enough zinc, lead, and copper out of Idarado mine to keep the town alive and the Sheridan in business during the lean years. Sadly, the building became dilapidated, more a miners' roominghouse than a hotel. Although the entire town, including the New Sheridan, was designated a National Historic Landmark in 1964, the hotel was condemned. It stood idle, as if waiting for new gold to be discovered in Telluride.

New gold was found, but it was white, not yellow. In 1972, ski trails were cut and a ski area opened. Walter McClennan, a frequent visitor from Ohio, bought the Sheridan in 1977 and began extensive restoration.

Now the William Jennings Bryan suite, beautifully decorated in period furnishings, looks across town at the Plunge, the steepest, longest ski run in North America. Instead of picks and miners' boots, skis and ski boots are carried through the halls. In summer, Telluride and the New Sheridan host a series of festivals that keep the town jumping with activity—hang gliding, ballooning, chamber music, jazz, bluegrass, dance, and, on Labor Day weekend, the famous Telluride International Film Festival.

Rooms vary from skiers' dorms with four twin beds and shared bathrooms to family suites furnished with period reproductions. Since Telluride is surrounded on three sides by mountains, most rooms have views. Photos of Telluride's mining days decorate the halls, and Tiffany-style fixtures, each one different, create a patterned play of color on the ceilings. A turn-of-the-century, life-size, nude portrait of Audrey Shane, one of Telluride's most notable ladies of the evening, graces the second story landing. In the Sheridan Bar locals mix with visitors *après* ski or following festival events. Wonderful aromas of northern Italian specialties drift in from the dining room, decorated exquisitely with massive walnut sideboards and the original elegant chandelier.

Reservations during peak ski season and festivals are encouraged two months in advance. Write New Sheridan, P.O. Box 980, Telluride, Colorado 81435, or phone (303) 728-4351.

Susan J. Vreeland *is a travel writer who specializes in skiing and other outdoor features.*

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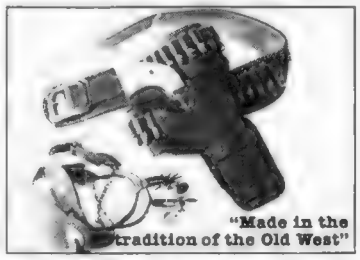

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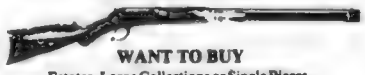

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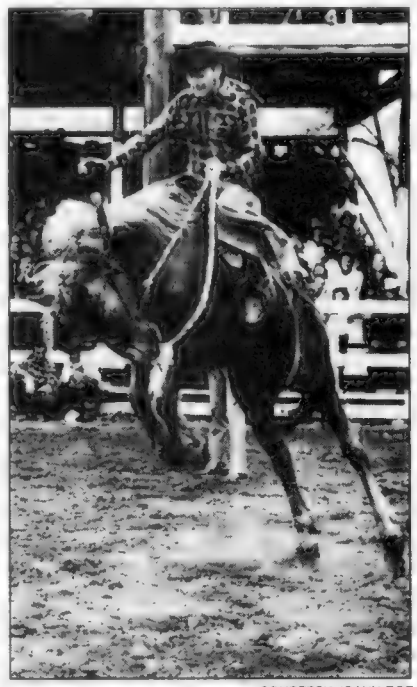

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To help you plan your fun, we'll present a **1987 calendar of rodeos** throughout the West.

We'll bring you the results of our AMERICAN WEST—Pentax 1986 **Celebrate-the-West Photo Contest** and announce the winner of the Grand Prize, a Pentax 645 Camera.

We'll tell you about the **living ghost town of Humbug** in Nevada County, California, that offers a delightful and unusual glimpse into gold-country past.

Introducing the **strictly** limited edition

Smith & Wesson Knives Wildlife Art Series

★ hand-crafted and hand-painted collector's knives ★

Big game, game birds and game fish captured by renowned artist Gerald Lubeck

Smith & Wesson Knives is pleased to announce the formation of the Smith & Wesson Knives Collector's Guild. As its premiere issue, the Guild is pleased to release a series of 15 wildlife art knives in a strictly limited – and numbered edition of 850 each.

Original wildlife art, rendered by renowned artist Gerald Lubeck, has been painstakingly reproduced on each knife by our own Vermont artisans. When complete, the series will include 4 big game, 5 game birds and 6 game fish.

The first four knives -- now available -- are Lubeck's Mallard, Whitetail, Brown Bear and American Eagle.

As a "collection," the completed series will be unique . . . for no other Smith & Wesson branded knife will ever again depict a hand-painted wildlife scene.

A collaboration of knifemaker and artist

While primarily a collector's series, each and every knife is nevertheless a completely functional cutting tool. Each knife is all U.S.-made and crafted from stainless steel throughout. Its 11 components are so precisely finished, assembled and inspected that each knife is guaranteed for a lifetime.

The knife features a razor-sharp 2½" super-strong 440 stainless steel blade – it incorporates a fail-safe lock-blade design – and its handle is contoured to ensure hand comfort and precise blade control.

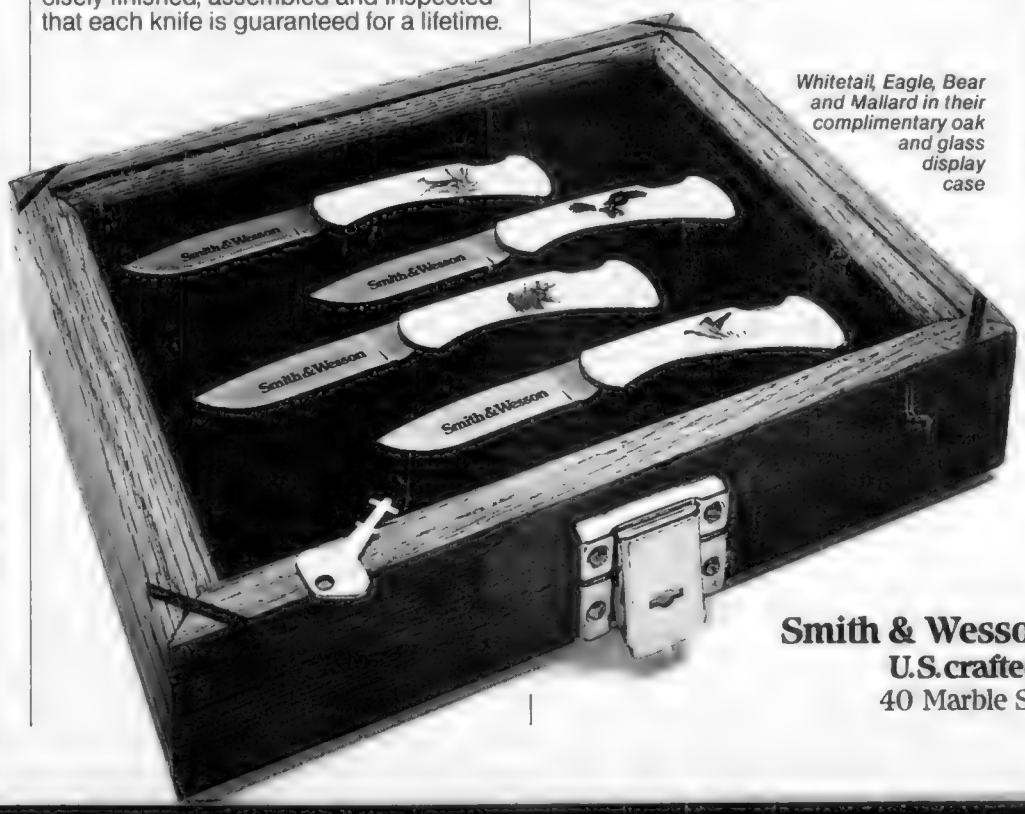
After the knife itself has been crafted, Vermont artists place a wafer-thin "canvas" of metal containing a photo-etched outline of Mr. Lubeck's original artwork on the handle. Then, they painstakingly hand-paint each piece to exacting standards. A certificate of authenticity, signed by the knifemaker and artist, accompanies each knife.

Order one knife . . . or begin to collect the entire series. Each yours for under $40

You may purchase any one knife for $39.95, any two for $77.95, any three for $113.95, or all four (as shown) for only $147.95. The complete set of four comes with a lockable oak and glass display case -- and as further bonus, each of the knives will carry an identical serial number.

Series subscribers guaranteed a completely matched numbered set

Buying the initial set of four also entitles you to advance notice of future release of additional knives in the series. While you're under no obligation to acquire more, if you decide to do so, you're guaranteed that each new knife you add to your collection will carry the identical serial number of your first four! Meaning that you'll end up with a completely matched set of this exquisitely crafted wildlife series.



Whitetail, Eagle, Bear and Mallard in their complimentary oak and glass display case

Each knife comes with a matching 8" x 10" limited edition full color print of Gerald Lubeck's original rendering . . . yours free!

Each of Mr. Lubeck's original hand-painted art has been brilliantly reproduced in full color, then professionally matted. Each knife ordered is accompanied by its matching print. Framed, as suggested below, the print will make a fine addition to any decor. As with the knives, only 850 prints have been produced.

Don't delay, order today

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Western Snapshots Yesterday

In 1917, long before the automobile became synonymous with southern California, Jesse Ad Johnson had to move buildings the hard way. Pictured here standing next to the horses he used to haul buildings placed on wagon wheels, Johnson is moving the small general store across the international border from San Ysidro, California, to Tijuana, Mexico.

Johnson ran a livery stable and a horse-and-buggy taxi service in his native town of Gothenburg, Nebraska, until rheumatism brought on by the cold Nebraska winters prompted him to move west to warmer climes. He settled in San Ysidro, just south of San Diego, setting up a house-moving business when his rheumatism subsided. Working with several men and two teams of horses, Johnson moved houses and businesses around San Ysidro, nearby Chula Vista, and Tijuana for thirty years.

This photo was taken in September 1917, possibly for use as an advertisement for Johnson's business. Johnson's great-granddaughter, Joan Hunt, of Blodgett, Oregon, contributed this bit of Western nostalgia.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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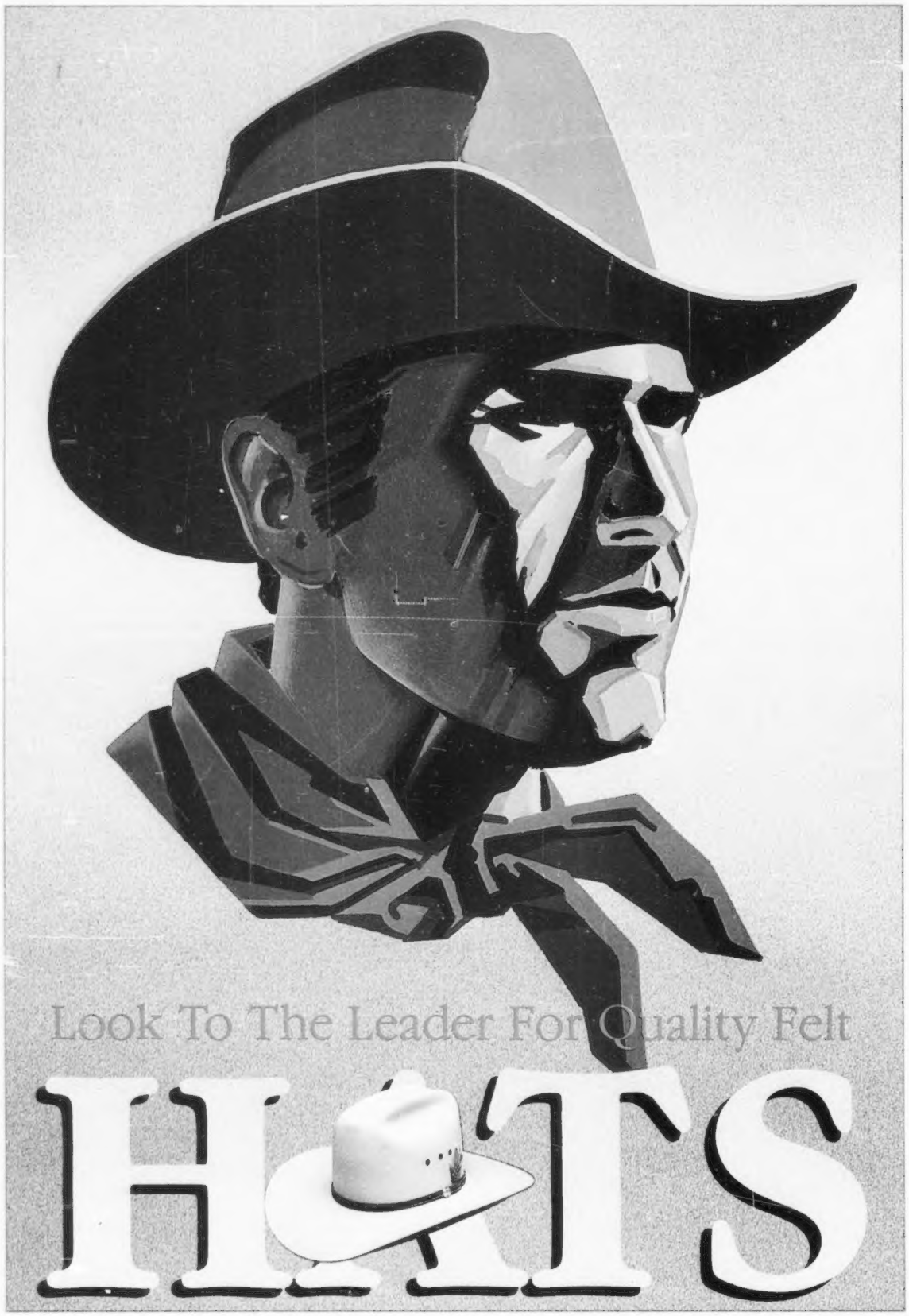

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